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## DIVINITY.

### THE CARNAL MIND : A SERMON.

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(Concluded from page 289.)

3. THE last thing that we shall notice of this carnal mind, is the insubordinate character ascribed to it in the text : "It is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." The meaning is, that in its nature it is not subject to the law, nor can it be subjected by the law—we mean the moral law : and we might also add, that the law never was intended to subject it. For as a principle of evil, put it under what regimen you please, its character and tendency will be the same ; it never can be changed into goodness, or made holy. No discipline that we can impose on it can make it pleasing to God. It must therefore be destroyed. A war of extermination must be waged against it, and it must be driven out as an obtruder, which has usurped the place of the image of God in the heart.

It may be asked, if this be the fact, wherefore serveth the law ? Paul answers this question, in saying "the law entered that the offence might abound." He does not mean, that the law was to minister to the increase of sin, or give encouragement to it ; for then the law would be the minister of sin : but he means that the law should define it, and show its nature and extent, and give us the knowledge of it ; for he says, "he had not known lust, if the law had not said thou shalt not covet." The law also shows to the sinner how evil abounds in his heart ; for without the commandment which is "exceeding broad," he would never know that the imaginations of the thoughts of the heart are only evil continually. But this discovery which the law makes to him, prepares him with the more cheerfulness to hail the deliverance proclaimed to him, in the *grace* which *more abounds* in the gospel. The law is "a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ." It indeed instructs us, but it is only to know how vile we are ; it makes us no better. But if it only teach us the alphabet of our corruption, we should rejoice ; for this will show us our need of that Saviour who can do for us what the law cannot, "in that it is weak through the flesh." We have said also that the law never was intended to subject this evil principle. The law, as such, imparts no power to the heart by which this rebellious nature may be destroyed ; for in all its injunctions, and its commands addressed to us, it proceeds on the supposition that the power to obey it must be derived from some other source : and

therefore it is said, that "the righteousness of the law is fulfilled in those who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." If man possessed a pure nature, and perfectly kept the law from his youth up, then it would not condemn him, and he would not need pardon : but the law neither makes provision for the pardon of his actual sins, or the removal of his original corruption. It announces itself in this awful and inflexible language—"Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them." If we have violated this law but in one instance, the curse hangs over us. And who has not done so ? But if man could obtain pardon by the deeds of the law, or if the law transfused into his nature a power by which the destruction of the carnal mind could be effected, it would render nugatory the whole scheme of justification by faith, or pardon by grace. But says Paul, "it [that is, pardon] is of faith, that it might be by grace, to the end the promise might be sure to all the seed, not to that only which is of [or under] the law, but to that also which is of the faith of Abraham, who is the father of us all." So far, then, is the law from rendering salvation probable, much less sure, the apostle makes it turn entirely on a principle of grace, that it may be sure : any other principle would make pardon a debt that God owed us, and not a favour graciously bestowed on us for the sake of Jesus Christ.

It appears then, from the foregoing view, that the apostle mentions this circumstance of the hostility of the carnal mind, especially to show one of the prominent features in its character. That is, that it is not subject to the law, and cannot be subjected by it ; that it is hatred to the law, for the same reason that it is to God. The law is holy, just, and good ; and for this reason, and this only, the carnal mind is enmity against it. And as we have stated in another part, this enmity is not produced by our violations of the law in the first instance, but is the cause of our transgressions of it.

We shall close this part of our subject by obviating an objection that is frequently urged against it.

It has often been said, that it would be unjust on the part of God to permit man to come into the world with a nature that certainly leads him astray. But what says matter of fact ? Does he not possess this nature ? and does it not lead him astray ? Is God therefore unjust ? We think not. It appears to us that the whole difficulty vanishes by considering Adam, as he really was, the great covenant, or federal head of all mankind, who at the time of his apostasy were seminally included in him. When, therefore, Adam, the head, fell, all his posterity, then seminally included in him, also fell. Now it is most evident, if in that state he propagated at all, he could only propagate his own likeness. For this law is stamped on the whole creation of

God, that like must produce its like, and effects resemble their causes, to the end of the world, unless God by a miracle shall change this universal law. If Adam be viewed in this state, there appears only to have been left the choice of one of two evils ; 1. Either to cut off the transgressor and all his posterity in him, and thus prevent his propagating his sinful likeness together with his species ; or, 2. Permit him to propagate under these circumstances, and make provision for himself and his offspring in Christ Jesus, and adapt this provision both to the infant and adult state of his children, and grant him another trial under a different covenant.

We suppose no one would hesitate one moment to decide, which is the least of the two evils ; and which, on the whole, would bring the most glory to God. To have adopted the first, and cut off the guilty pair, would have involved them both in endless ruin, and prevented for ever the existence of their offspring. What good could have resulted from all this process, we confess we cannot see. It is true, there would even in this case have been a display of justice ; but what mercy would have been in it ? But for whose benefit would this exercise of justice have been made, or how could it have glorified God more than the second alternative ? It could not have been for the benefit of the heavenly host, who still retained their rectitude ; for if they needed to see an act of justice to confirm them in their obedience, they had it already, in the angels who kept not their first estate. Nor could it have been for their own benefit, as their punishment, according to the above supposition, must have been eternal. Neither could it have resulted in the same glory to God that we find in the scheme of human redemption. Nor could it have been for the benefit of other human beings, as none such would have existed.

But in the *second* alternative justice and mercy are both displayed, and that too for the benefit of man, for the wonder and adoration of angels, and the eternal honour of God. But justice falls on the victim substituted in our stead ; and mercy not only finds this victim, but through it opens a door of hope to all mankind.

“ Here the whole Deity is known,  
Nor dares a creature guess  
Which of the glories brightest shone,  
The justice or the grace.”

Were the guilty spared ? this was an act of mercy ; God gave them another trial, under the covenant of grace, which immediately succeeded the covenant of works : which does not say, *do and live*, but *believe and be saved*. Do Adam's offspring bring into the world with them an impure nature, derived from their federal head ? But God has provided that the guilt of Adam's sin



shall not be so imputed to them for this unavoidable impurity of their nature, that the children shall eternally die for the iniquity of the father. "For *the soul that sinneth* (in his own proper person, and he only) shall die." "For as by the disobedience of one, judgment came upon all men to condemnation, so also by the righteousness of one, the free gift came upon all men to justification of life." Do we enter into life with a strong tendency to sin? God has provided an opposing power, in the light that lightens every man that cometh into the world, and in that manifestation of the Spirit that is given to every man to profit withal. Do all men under the influence of the carnal mind, in adult age, actually sin against God? Repentance and remission of sin, in the name of Jesus Christ, is proclaimed to them, and also the promise of God to circumcise the heart, and cleanse it from all unrighteousness, so that where sin abounded, grace hath much more abounded.—Grace then abounds even to the destruction of this original propensity to evil; if it does not, then it is not true that it hath much more abounded than sin. In a word, all things considered, notwithstanding so much has been said of our sad condition by nature, I would ask, who would not prefer his own state under the covenant of grace, to the condition of Adam under the covenant of works? for under that covenant one transgression doomed him to death, without any remedy, (aside from the atonement;) but under the covenant of grace, though a thousand sins be committed, repentance is granted to us. This provision is happily adapted to the condition of infants as well as adults; for by the great scheme of redemption an act of indemnity has passed the court of heaven in their favour; for Jesus Christ has announced in their behalf, and for the consolation of all parents, "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

II. We invite your attention to *the remedy of the carnal mind.*

As this principle is opposed to God, is enmity against him, and hostile to the happiness of man, it cannot be pleasing to God. And as the law cannot subject it,—nor can it be subdued by any thing man can do of himself,—it follows as a necessary consequence, that God has provided means for the accomplishment of this object. It also is essential for us to know, not only what this remedy is, but how we may avail ourselves of its benefits. We have already stated it as our opinion, that God designs the entire and complete destruction of the carnal mind: for God certainly intends that we should be subject to the moral law; that we should make this law the rule of our conduct; and that it should not be made void by *faith*, or any other consideration, but that it should be established. This is the law that Jesus Christ came not to destroy but to fulfil; and the whole of it is comprised in loving God with all the heart, and our neighbour



as ourselves. Now these two precepts can never be fulfilled by us in the spirit and design of them, as a rule of conduct and of duty, while the mind is enmity against God, and while it is unsubjected. It follows, therefore, that if God wills that these precepts should be obeyed by us, he must have made provision to put the heart in a condition to fulfil them. If it be said, Jesus Christ has perfectly fulfilled them, we answer, we admit it ; but if it be farther declared, that he fulfilled the law to exempt us from its duties, we answer, this is *antonomianism*, and this makes void the law by faith, and that too a dead faith, faith without works. We suppose not only that Jesus Christ has fulfilled the law to give us an example of obedience, but also that by the death of the cross he procured for us the wonderful agency of the Holy Spirit, to destroy the enmity of our nature, and enable us to walk in his commandments and ordinances blameless ; and, that the righteousness of the law, all the righteousness which it demands may be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. It was for this purpose that "Jesus Christ was manifested in the flesh to *destroy* the works of the devil : " and "if we confess our sins, he is *faithful* and *just* to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all *unrighteousness*."

To carry this great design into effect, God has granted his Holy Spirit in all ages of the world : for his operation on the human mind is not peculiar to the dispensation of the gospel,—although this dispensation enjoys its greater manifestations.

The Spirit, in his operation on the human mind, appears, according to the Scriptures, to produce his effects in the following order : He illuminates the mind ; He produces in it godly sorrow for sin ; and He changes its corrupt nature, or destroys in the heart the power and being of sin.

1. That the Spirit of God enlightens the understanding, is admitted by all Christians who lay the least claim to orthodoxy ; and that the operation of the Spirit is coeval with the covenant of grace, is equally admitted by them. It is also a conceded point, that the covenant of grace dawned on the world at the moment God announced the promise in the garden of Eden, "that the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." No sooner was this promise given, than the Spirit began his great work of illumination. It shone on the antediluvian world, for God said, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." It was by the same Spirit that Noah preached to the spirits in prison. The Spirit of Christ was in the prophets, and by it they spoke beforehand of the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow. Jesus Christ especially promised that the Spirit should "convince the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment ;" and that he should also be a comforter, and

a guide, and should guide into all truth. It is by the light of this Holy Spirit that men discover their deviations from the law, and how evil and bitter a thing sin is : without this ministration, the law would remain a dead letter.

2. The conviction of our personal guilt, and our undone and ruined estate by nature,—which can only be discovered to us by a light that God sheds on the mind,—gives rise to the godly sorrow that worketh repentance unto life, that needs not to be repented of. Such repentance had no place in the breast of Adam, aside from the promise of a Saviour, and the operation of the Spirit ; nor could it have in ours. But who, without a sense of this sorrow, would ever go to the “fountain opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness” ? Such a penitent remembers that all his sins have been committed against God, and that he has been the object of his enmity and his hostility ; and “against thee only have I sinned,” will be his lamentation and his acknowledgment. He has insulted God and his law, slighted the mercy of the gospel, trampled on the blood of the covenant, and had it been in his power, with his puny and impotent arm would have dethroned God, and subverted his whole moral government. He now feels all this as a load on his awakened conscience, which extorts the anxious inquiry, “what must I do to be saved ?” If the preceding chapter does not describe the state of a penitent, either as having been exemplified in the experience of Paul, or as personated by him, we are at a loss to understand it. Hear its language : “For I know that in me, (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing ; for to will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good, I find not.” He saw and felt the evil, but had not yet obtained power over it. Again ; “I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members. O wretched man that I am ! who shall deliver me from the body of this death ?” Can this be the language of a believer in Christ Jesus ? His misery, expressed in the terms “*wretched man*,” and “*body of death*, or mass of corruption, certainly imports a state of guilt and condemnation. If this be not the fact, we can neither see the fitness, nor feel the force of the words, with which the eighth chapter is opened :—“There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin of death.” He is *now* delivered from the state, and the wretchedness, and body of death, of which he had been complaining—and a new state is possessed in Christ Jesus—and there is therefore now no condemnation.

3. We ask, is not the happy deliverance just noticed effected

by the Spirit ? So says nearly the whole of this chapter, and so affirm many other portions of Scripture. Take the following : " For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." " That the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." Texts already noticed. " But ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you." " Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." " For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear ; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father : the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God : and if children, then heirs ; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ."

It is also elsewhere declared, that it is " not by works of righteousness that we are saved, but by the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost, which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour." The Spirit as the great agent in man's new creation, and salvation—worketh with energy, and worketh effectually to the casting down of every high imagination, and thought that exalteth itself ; and bringeth all into subjection to the obedience of faith. To dwell in us, and walk in us ; to take away the heart of stone, and give us a heart of flesh, is another promise full of consolation, and well calculated to inspire our faith. Let us not say, " How can these things be ?" for be assured, " so is every one that is born of the Spirit." To be created anew, or to have the renewing of the Holy Ghost, is also to have the fruits of the Spirit—love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, and goodness.

Do you ask how this Spirit is to be obtained ? we answer, " Ask and ye shall receive ;" " for if ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto *your children*, how much more shall your heavenly Father give his Holy Spirit to them who ask him ?" Try the faithfulness of God to his promise, and bring your offering into his store-house and prove him therewith, and *see* if he will not pour out blessings until there be not room to contain them : for he will pour his Spirit upon thy seed, and his blessing upon thine offspring. He will sprinkle clean water upon you, and from all your idols will he cleanse you. For every one that asketh, receiveth ; and he that seeketh, findeth. But ask in *faith*, and let your faith rest on the great atonement. For whatsoever ye ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive. Ye *shall* receive it, for the mouth of God hath spoken it.



**BIOGRAPHY.****MEMOIR OF THE REV. JOSEPH GALLUCHAT.***To the Editors of the Methodist Magazine.*

BRETHREN,—Although some account is given of the late Rev. Joseph Galluchat, in a funeral sermon preached by the Rev. William Capers, yet I expected to have seen, ere this, a farther account published in the Magazine, by the author or some other hand. From the silence of all, I am induced to offer the following, as a small tribute to the memory of departed worth.

*July, 1826.*

LEWIS MYERS.

JOSEPH GALLUCHAT was born in St. Domingo, Sept. 1788. At the commencement of the revolution at that place, his mother, sisters, and himself, left there, and fled to Charleston, S. Carolina, where he received his education. His parents were members of the Roman Catholic church, and his early prepossessions were in favour of that communion. For several years he lived with a respectable merchant in the city, and was engaged in mercantile business. In his youth he appeared fashionable and gay, and thoughtless with regard to eternal things. In the 19th year of his age, he married Miss Virginia Lawson, of Santee, S. C. In the fall of 1808 he attended a campmeeting; and under the ministry of the Rev. Wm. Capers, was brought to a knowledge of himself, as a sinner, and of Jesus the Saviour of sinners. When under conviction, he did not trifle with his case, but immediately fled to the Physician of souls, and obtained peace with God. The evidence of pardon appeared to him full, and he rejoiced in God with confidence: this he retained, with little interruption, till God took him to himself.

What God had enabled him thus to enjoy, he heartily desired that others might share: and God evidently called him to the ministry. He received license as a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the 22d year of his age. He was ordained elder in the South Carolina annual conference held at Camden in 1818. When he married, he lived in the country; but some time after he returned to Charleston, and for several years taught a Lancastrian school: but, his health declining, the school was discontinued. Afterwards, he was for five years book-keeper in the U. S. Branch Bank in Charleston. In the mean time he evinced a thirst for knowledge, and became conversant with various branches of useful learning. He spoke the French language fluently, had some knowledge of the Latin, and he studied the science of medicine. Had his health permitted, he might have entered into an extensive practice. While he was thus evidencing his zeal for knowledge, the fire which God had kindled on the altar of his heart was rising in its strength, and the flame was felt in his family and in the church.

To obtain a more thorough knowledge of the Scriptures, he acquired a considerable knowledge of the Greek and Hebrew languages. Out of his treasure he brought things new and old. He was a practical divine. His pulpit instructions were always evangelical, instructive, and impressive. During the eleven years of his ministry in Charleston, his congregations were always large, and testified a high esteem of his talents; and he laboured to be useful to all. Though naturally aspiring, grace had obtained such complete conquest of his heart, that he could emphatically say with the apostle, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." And if he was taught to ask with Solomon, "Who is able to stand before envy?" God gave him the answer, and his heart understood it. In a letter to a friend on a trying occasion, to whom he was wont to unbosom his thoughts, after describing some of his conflicts he adds, "I believe I have escaped the snare of the fowler; at any rate, I can raise my ebenezer; blessed be the Lord for all his mercies: deliverance and salvation belong unto him." He was always at the service of the church, according to his abilities: and while his enlarged heart bid God-speed to every ambassador of Christ, of every name, he felt *where* and by *what instruments* he was called. He frequently viewed the scene of 1808 with transports of joy and gratitude. The plainness and simplicity of manners, accompanied by the piety and zeal of the ministers and members of *that day*, bordering on primitive Methodist times, accorded fully with his views and sentiments,—and he could unhesitatingly say, "*I am as ye are;*" and he *never changed*. He was generous and charitable. In him the poor, the widow, the orphan, the sick and the dying found a friend, always ready to minister to their mental and bodily comfort according to his ability. I knew him personally upwards of six years,—I write with confidence. Numbers will rise and call him blessed in that day when the earth and sea shall give up their dead.

For several years his ardent soul looked towards a scene of labour beyond his local sphere; he had a great desire to enter as a travelling minister into the vineyard of the Lord: but here he found various and formidable obstacles. His bodily affliction was not among the smallest. Friends knowing his situation, feared to encourage him in the undertaking—he hesitated. At length his desire to die in the itinerant field predominated, and he was admitted at the conference held in Charleston, 1824, and stationed in that city. The sequel proved that the sword was too sharp for the sheath. He however entered his work with his usual ardour. Soon after, he thus writes to a friend: "I felt an imperious necessity for something extraordinary to be done. The plan I adopted was, to go from house to house, talk

plainly and lovingly, and pray with each. I soon found the burden too heavy. I would stop a week, get better, begin again, and again sink ;—until, with other duties, I've sunk, to all appearance and feelings to rise no more. I still endeavour to say, and in some degree to feel, good is the will of God—let it be done.”—The consumption marched with rapid strides, so that he had to desist and retire. The sermon before alluded to, thus describes the closing scene : “ For a long sad time we marked his declining health ; and many an anxious prayer was sent after Jesus for him. Every expedient of human skill was tried in vain ; and at last it was in vain that he was urged away to St. Augustine. He still grew weaker and more emaciated.”—“ Our beloved Galluchat was full of comfort. ‘ I visited him every day,’ says the minister of St. Augustine, ‘ until three days before he died, and then until he died I never left him. He gave me much instruction. He was always full of confidence in Christ, and suffered the most extreme pain with truly Christian patience, rejoicing in the God of his salvation.’ Another witness states, that the sympathy of his friends, and particularly the sorrow of his wife, at seeing him in pain, seemed to grieve him ; and he would frequently say, with the most tender entreaty, ‘ Be content to let me suffer ; it is good for me.’ When he came to die, he exhorted the minister who had been so becomingly attentive, to be bold and faithful in his Master’s cause. He entreated his wife to resign him up to his God ; reminding her how long a time had been permitted her to prepare, and comforting her with these words, ‘ God will be a husband to you, and a father to my children.’ To his two children (the third died a short time before him) he said little ; but having caused them to kneel by his bedside, he offered up a most touching prayer for them ;—and this done, his last effort, in the very act of dying, was a broken utterance of praise to God.” Thus he died on the 8th day of April, 1825, in the 37th year of his age ; and at his request was brought to Santee, S. C., and interred in the family burying-ground.—He is one of those men in whose Christian life and triumphant death I have the utmost confidence. Reader, soon will we also be called off—let us be ready.

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*For the Methodist Magazine.*

MEMOIR OF MRS. CATHARINE SUCKLEY,

*Late consort of Mr. George Suckley of New-York.*

MRS. CATHARINE SUCKLEY was born in Rhinebeck, New-York, September 18, 1768. Her father, John Rutsen, Esq., died suddenly, and left two children, Catharine and Sarah. They grew up in much love, and were, as Mr. Schuyler once expressed, like twin berries moulded on one stem.



Mrs. Suckley was made a subject of Divine grace at the age of twenty-one, and became a pattern of cheerful piety to her dying day. My intimacy with her commenced at an early period of her conversion. We had long before been acquainted, and were connected : this event opened to us a union of spirit, which was a source of happiness to us both.

In the high bloom of beauty, admired and beloved, and followed, she became sensible of the importance of religion : and at once sought and found the pearl of great price. This she held dearer than all created things : this occupied her whole soul : and her gratitude to God for snatching her from the caresses of the world, was often repeated and expressed in her writings. She was remarkable for a very vivid imagination, and a sensibility which heightened all her enjoyments, and made her society, I had almost said, fascinating. Her talents for conversation could be exceeded by no one—she was always new. Like her sister, she could see no faults in her friends or associates ; every asperity was overlooked, every blemish was hidden in the mantle of love. Pure benevolence glowed in her words, and sparkled in her smile. Her mind appeared always in a frame of prayer. Her charity extended to all. In the early part of her religious race, she was sorely tempted by the enemy, respecting that church in which afterwards she so often exulted in having become a member.

Her love for souls was ardent and sincere, and none could leave her company without sharing in her prayers, and being followed with her good wishes. Her heart was formed of the tenderest materials, and could indeed melt at others' woes—could enter deeply into the feelings of every sufferer—and consolation hung upon her tongue. Speaking of her mother's death, she thus vents her feeling heart :

“ Still the remembrance of my dear, dear mother, surrounds my heart ; and she of whom I loved to think is gone. She that so often smiled upon me, and conveyed happiness to my soul, is gone from my eyes for ever. I wished to have soothed the evening of her life, by tender assiduities ; and thought to have embraced a period of peace, and victory, of comfort, and satisfaction :—but the destination of my heavenly Father was not so ; he has taken her from the storms of this life, to the haven of undisturbed repose : and in this view I have cause of praise, and am greatly and constantly comforted. But the bereavement has made an aching void. There is none on whom I can fix that affection I felt towards her : 't is not in nature : for there is a peculiar quality of affection between child and mother. A mother ! endearing sound. My mother ! I trust to meet her, clothed in white. I feel thankful to my heavenly Father, for having been so long at Rhinebeck last summer. It softens the severity of my affliction.”

The dealings of God towards her, in many things, were very

remarkable ; but they who devote themselves to his service, as she eminently did, may hope in the guidance of his Spirit.—“The secret of the Lord is with the righteous.” Her intercourse with God was such, that she brought all her concerns, spiritual and temporal, to the mercy seat, and could then wait without any anxiety the issue of his will. And the answers to her prayers were so frequent, that she stood strong in faith, giving glory to God. Her marriage was in a remarkable way brought into effect by him whose parental care watched over her for good. The objections she entertained to wedded life were strong and constant, and yet so unequivocally was the will of God made known to her, that all scruples were overcome, and in 1798 she became a wife,—and in process of time the mother of seven children. Two she has already received to her maternal arms, to part no more for ever ; five remain, I trust, to tread in her footsteps, and to inherit those precepts and prayers, that have gone up as memorials to heaven in their behalf. I have before me part of a letter written to an absent child the winter before her death :

“I hope, my dear child, that God is with you for good. Do you seek to know whether you love him ? Do you pray to him ? Do you feel it a duty and privilege to reflect upon his goodness ? Are these reflections so lively as to bring forth love and thankfulness ? Exercises of this kind bring forth better things, and precede a state of solid happiness. O ! be careful, my S., to commune with your own heart, and to obtain that peace of mind that strengthens and draws the soul to God.

“The Lord, my dear child, is a great God ; yet his greatness is magnified in his care over the feeblest of his creatures ; and the treasures of his wisdom are the inheritance of those who love him. ’T is true, indeed, my love is not proportioned to the depth of obligation ; nor can the glow of the highest love bear suitable proportion : but I bless the Lord again and again, that he gave me grace early to seek his love, and that love, with increase, is daily with me. Shall I say in this love I love my S. ? In this love, too, she has been long recommended to God. In this love I trust I may hope too, she will be my own S. through a long eternity.”

Happy the children who have called her mother. They will, I trust, be admitted with her into that blessed number who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. How much of future safety depends on education and example. O, what a sweet savour is a holy life ! How pleasing the anticipation of a joyful meeting in the courts of heaven !—O, parents, what a responsibility is yours ! “Train up a child in the way he should go.” This is enjoined upon you by the great God of heaven. Is an inheritance among the blessed the first wish of your heart for them ? then point them to the narrow way ; tell them the world is full of snares, and their only safety

is in a union with the blessed Jesus by a living faith ;—teach them to shun, as you have solemnly promised, the pomps and vanities of a wicked world : and then, when death demands the discharge of your earthly ties, you will meet the terrible king in the joyful hope of being soon reunited to your dear charge, to be forever with the Lord.

Of negligence in this respect my beloved friend had nothing to charge herself, as her six children well know. How often has she called them to prayer, from their earliest infancy ; and how eloquently did she invoke blessings on their heads, and give them up into his hand who formed them for his own glory.—But now she prays no more—her work is done—it remains with them to accomplish the first wish of her heart.

A letter from a mutual friend thus announces her departure :

“The die is cast ; the spirit has returned to God who gave it, and the dear dust will to morrow be conveyed to the house appointed for all living : and methinks a purer spirit never inhabited a mansion of clay, since the transgression of our first parents. With a solemn delight I love to dwell on the various excellencies of this dear departed saint. I think on my own loss ; I reflect that I shall no more behold the tender, the cheerful smile, with which she ever met my embrace : that I shall no more pour into her affectionate and sympathizing bosom my joys, and my complaints,—and my heart is melted with sorrow. But oh ! to behold the children of her love, the bereaved flock, with groans of anguish, bursting hearts, and tears streaming from their eyes, the maternal bosom no longer to rest their wearied heads upon, her hand no longer points them to sources of consolation,—which abundantly flowed in upon her departing spirit.”

Another letter, from a daughter, gives a description in feeling language of the closing scene, never to be forgotten :

“My dear aunt,—Had I followed the impulse of my feelings at the moment of receiving your letter, I then might have given you satisfaction and pleasure. I was prevented—and now I cannot—but must defer much till we meet in the spring. Memory will prove faithful ; for it is her delight to record each look, and every scene, connected with my beloved mother ; to dwell on the loveliness and purity of her character, and her bright anticipations of another world.—For some days before her death, her change was perceptible ;—we were all more sensible of it than papa. To me she constantly dwelt upon it, and often said, ‘Waiting patiently, waiting patiently the Lord’s own time. Think of me as an angel in heaven. I pray to be permitted to administer to you invisibly, my children.’—Her peace continued to flow like a river ; her mind unclouded to the last.

“On the morning of her death she sent for us all to come to her ; said she belonged no longer to her children, but to God. C. and I each took her hands ; my eyes were filled with tears. She raised her finger ; ‘Oh, M. ! I did not expect this of you : you pierce my soul—you’ll break my heart if you do so.’ Her look I can never for-



get. I felt that I must leave her for ever, or dry every tear ; for she watched us with a penetrating glance, and often said, 'Oh M.! I cannot forget that chill you gave me. Your cheerfulness has supported you so far ; let it support you to the end. Honour God in my death : let not one tear be shed. Have every thing smooth and quiet about me when I am going to depart. Send for Dr. — ; I wish him to be here.' He came at the last moment, closed her eyes in eternal repose, held her hand, and saw her last breath. When papa came to her, she raised her head to kiss him, and said, 'read that hymn, 'Jesus is a constant friend.' In her last moments, he was on his knees at the foot of her bed, repeating these words, 'Lord Jesus, receive her spirit ; Lord Jesus, receive her spirit.' The third time, his voice faltered—she was gone ; and that instant he broke forth in prayer.

"I believe that her prayers for our support on this occasion had often ascended, and were now answered. Oh, that they may all be answered ! that our last days may be like hers. She constantly talked of you—how many kind friends the Lord had given her. She never received any good through life, but she felt that it came immediately from the hand of Heaven. Her religion flowed from gratitude, never from fear : she loved him because he first loved her. Parting with her children, she said, had no pang ; every thing that was painful was taken from her—perfect resignation, and perfect happiness—all to hope, and nothing to fear.

"I feel a wound in my heart that cannot close ; momentary pangs, which, if they were more than momentary, I could not endure. I dream of her at night ; indeed she is the guardian of my spirit. If I do this, or that, I immediately think, How would she have done ? or how wish me to do ?"

Cherished and loved by all who knew her, how sensibly must her loss be felt by one, who for years had known her worth, and shared her most intimate regard. The blow which has severed us has been long dreaded. It has fallen with weight, and will be felt while memory holds her seat. But time is hastening ; a reunion will take place in that kingdom whose bliss she so often anticipated. Her end, like her life, was peaceful and bright, with foretastes of heavenly rest ; not a doubt or fear was permitted to assail the ebbing spring. Calmly she sunk into her bed of rest, while her buoyant spirit rose to join the praises of the sky, and own her kindred ; there she meets a mother, and a sister, in the fields of paradise ; perhaps waiting around her pillow, to show the way to glory. Ah, who can paint the bliss of such a *convoy* to the skies ! What a meeting ! How sweetly do they celebrate that blood, which raised their spirits to a happiness so pure, so lasting ! How much will they have to communicate ; how much to enjoy. Eternity ! important, blissful sound ! Who would forego a happy eternity for any thing this sublunary world could promise or bestow ?

In copying my dear friend's journal, or rather daily walk with

God, I have been at a loss what to leave, or which to prefer, where all was excellent, and expressive of a heart simply given up, and fervently engaged for entire devotion. This she attained in a very uncommon degree. She lived religion, and felt sensibly the importance of the human soul;—and eternity will disclose for how many she has importuned with effect. Being dead, she yet speaketh; and they who *read* will know if her friends have rated her merits too high.

Rhinebeck, June 24, 1826.

C. G.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Methodist Magazine.

### RECOLLECTIONS SOME THIRTY YEARS SINCE.

#### A JUDGE AS HE SHOULD BE.—NO. IV.

*Historic Sketches.*—NEWBERN Church; for he literally “became the seat of the colonial government of North Carolina. During the administration of Wm. Tryon, the king’s governor, a splendid palace was built for him, and a church-house for parson James Reed, an episcopal minister under the jurisdiction of the Church of England. To this church-house the citizens repaired every Sunday forenoon, to hear the parson *say* prayers, and *read* sermons, and then—went home again. Parson Reed continued the incumbent until he departed this life about the close of the revolutionary war, and left the church-house vacant, excepting occasional service from a travelling minister, and the *saying* of prayers, and burying the dead, by Jarvis Buxton, the clerk and sexton.—Beside this church-house there was not another place of worship in the town.

In the year 1787 an episcopal minister of the old (before the war) stamp, was *sent for* from New-York to supply the church-house, and take charge of an academy. This reverend old gentleman was very different from the evangelical ministers of the American Episcopal Church; for he literally “became all things to all men,” and could be present at dinner parties, tea parties, card parties, dancing parties, and wine parties, without being the least dissatisfied or ashamed. “Like priest, like people,” was here verified, and the pastor and his flock suited each other exactly: and from such religion took her departure, she being an unwelcome guest to a jolly priest and a merry people. After a few years the priest and his congregation quarrelled, and separated;—the old gentleman returned to New-York in 1790, and left the people destitute.

During those days a Scotch seceder, and a vagrant Universalian, would occasionally entertain and stultify the people: *the one* by disclosing in *braid Scots* the secret counsels and decrees of God respecting unconditional election and reprobation;—and *the other* by making known to the people a wonderful discovery he had made of a plain and well-beaten road that led from the back-door of hell to heaven; where all, who died in their sins, went to hell and were purified by fire and brimstone,

would travel, after suffering a long and dolorous imprisonment.

In those days evening service on the sabbath, and prayermeetings were unknown; and to the recollection of the writer of these papers, not one person, man or woman, in the town, had the courage to profess converting grace and the forgiveness of sins, although it afterwards appeared that there were many who bowed not the knee to Baal, and when asked, could give a reason for the hope that was within them.

At distant periods Quaker preachers and Presbyterian ministers from the up-country would visit Newbern and preach the gospel. In the year 1790 the church-house in Newbern was occupied by a learned and pious minister, under the jurisdiction of the American Episcopal Church, when religion began to revive. About this time bishop Asbury and his Methodist preachers (those pioneers of the gospel) broke into Newbern, and turned their little world upside down. The citizens wondered who they might be; some said one thing, and some said another—formalists opposed—fools mocked—the sons of Belial swore—deists scoffed—and Satan arrayed all his hellish forces against them; but God set at nought their counsels. Some began to see—some to hear—and some to feel the power of God unto salvation.

*Narrative continued.*—The solemn charge and exhortation of judge Patterson to the prisoners aforesaid, gave an impulse to the religious feelings of the people, new and unexpected. Many went to the court-house to hear the judge sentence four men to the gallows, and returned with sentence of death in their own hearts;—they went with hard hearts and tearless

eyes, and returned softened and weeping; they went unbelievers, and came back trembling at the word of God. Here the devil was outwitted;—here he received a backhanded stroke that bruised his infernal head; for how could the devil *know*, as cunning as he is, or even *dream* that a *judge* would be the instrument in Almighty hands of plucking sinners from his hellish clutches?—Indeed, 't was very strange! But so it was, the blow to the devil's kingdom was heavier as it was unforeseen. The people felt, and the prisoners were truly awakened to a sense of their eternal welfare, and began to pray in good earnest. A work began that all the powers of earth and hell could never stop.

Upon this occasion the few Episcopalians and Methodists in Newbern who possessed the life of religion, were vehemently stirred up to labour for the salvation of the prisoners. The keeper of the prison was humane, and afforded to the Christians every facility in their visits to the prisoners. The Scriptures were read—exhortations made—and prayers were offered up for them night and morning. For several days their labours appeared in vain. Such an awful sense of guilt, and weight of sin, pressed down the prisoners, that they seemed upon the brink of utter despair;—the heavens were as brass and the earth iron: look which way they would, death and destruction appeared before them in their most terrific forms.

The Christians continued to labour for those outcasts; and altho' every thing appeared against their salvation, yet they had a glimmering hope in the boundless mercy of God. Their labour was not in vain. First one, and then another, and another, obtained the witness



of converting grace. One poor Frenchman seemed doomed to eternal death—he believed that his sins were unpardonable, and that his day of grace was passed by for ever—his agony was the greater as his fellow murderers had obtained mercy—he believed himself cut off from heaven. His fellow prisoners began to pray for him. Having obtained the pardoning grace of God themselves, they exhorted him not to despair, as they, who were as great sinners as it was possible for him to be, had obtained the favour of God through the blood of Christ, so might he. A bright beam of hope from the sun of righteousness sprung up in his dark soul, and at midnight preceding his execution, the bands of despair were bursted, and his long captive soul set at liberty. Their dungeon became a little Bethel, and amid the clanking of chains and fetters, the high praises of God were heard.

Natchez, August 27, 1824.

H. T.

### THE BIBLE.

WE mentioned some time since the great demand for the Bible among the Roman Catholics in Peru, derived from information communicated by Mr. James Thompson to the Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and published in the monthly extracts. From the same source, we derive farther particulars of Mr. T's journey from Riobamba to Quito. In the afternoon of the 1st of November, Mr. Thompson arrived at Ambato, a town containing about 5,000 inhabitants.

*Family Visiter.*

In this place, I found myself comfortably lodged in the house of the governor. Upon the arrival of the New Testaments, I showed them to the governor, and told him of my intention of advertising them for sale, and inquired in what shop or store I could conveniently sell them. He answered me by saying, that his own house was at my service, for that purpose. I accordingly stated in the advertisement, that the New Testaments were on sale at the house of the governor, and that the sale would continue but one day. It afforded me much satisfaction to see the interest evinced in this matter by the governor and his lady, both of whom took great pleasure in showing the New Testaments to those who came to buy; and when I had to go out to pay or return a visit, they kindly supplied my place until my return.—The whole number sold, amounted to 47 copies;—a small number indeed, yet great as a beginning and as an encouragement. I may mention also, that the rector and several clergymen bought copies, and that I heard of no opposition.

In one of my letters from Guayaquil, I told you that the 200 Bibles you had ordered me had not arrived in Lima when I left that place, to my no small regret. I have, however, regretted that delay a thousand fold, in the course of my journey. I mentioned to you, at the same time, that I had bought one Bible in Lima, to carry with me by way of a specimen, and to excite an interest to purchase, when a supply should arrive. All my expectations in regard to this have been fully realized. The many offers I have had to purchase this Bible have filled me with pleasure and with pain—pleasure to see so great a desire for the word of God, and pain in not being able

to satisfy that desire. Of many instances of this kind, none was so pleasing on the one hand, nor so painful on the other, as that which occurred in the house of the rector of Ambato. He had been to visit me; and I went to his house, to return his kindness. After receiving much attention from him, he, in a very earnest manner, urged me to sell him the Bible. I stated to him, upon this occasion, what I had been called on to state upon so many other occasions; namely, that the Bible I had was a kind of common property; that my object in carrying it with me, was, to show it to all; and to encourage all who wished for it, by informing them that a number of copies were coming, and that their desires would be realized in the possession of this precious volume. He, however, renewed his request, besought me to let him have it, and urged his claim in the name of all his flock, for whose use, he said,

he particularly wished it. My difficulty here was great; yet I considered my reasons for not parting with this volume still greater, and was thus obliged most unwillingly to withhold what, under other circumstances, I would most gladly have bestowed. He said, among other things to induce me to yield to his request, that I should be able to find a copy in Quito; for he had learned that some had been sold there some time ago; as was actually the case, for 40 copies of the 500 sold in Lima were brought hither. I told him, that there were some doubts as to my obtaining a copy in Quito; but that I would make inquiry when I should arrive there; and, in the event of finding one, I would send him my own copy, at the price at which I purchased the other. Upon these terms we came to an agreement: and he begged that I would not hesitate to charge whatever price I thought proper, as he would willingly pay it.

Mr. T. left Ambota on the fourth, and in consequence of an accident was compelled to stop for the night at a little town called Tacunga, about twenty miles from Ambota. Here he was invited to spend the night in the convent with a friar, who had accompanied him during the latter part of his day's journey.

I found the town larger than I expected; and, as I was to pass the night there, I was anxious to seize the opportunity of offering the word of God to them, although I had not much confidence as to the success I should meet with. In carrying this purpose into effect I found myself rather embarrassed. I was lodged in a convent; and knew not what disposition the friars might have to the distribution of the Scriptures, especially to their being sold in the convent. I wished myself lodged elsewhere, and indeed any where else; but could not with any decency remove, as my friends loaded me with kind-

ness. Had I known upon my entering the town, that I was to have a sale of the New Testaments there, I would not have gone to the convent, more especially as I had a letter of introduction to the governor, and to another gentleman in the place. After some hesitation, I resolved to make an attempt where I was. I went, pensively, to the case in which the New Testaments were; took out one, and proceeded directly to the prior, to show it to him; praying all the while, as I went, that the God of heaven would dispose his heart, and the hearts of the rest, to befriend the circulation of his

Holy Word. My prayer was heard. The prior was much pleased with the New Testament, and bought it. He showed it to one of the rest, and recommended it; while I did not fail to put in a word to the same effect, pointing out the advantage of the Scriptures to all, and how much more immediately it concerned them, as ministers of religion, to possess it, and to recommend it to others. "Yes," said one of them, "it is the very book which concerns us, and we would gladly encourage others to receive it." I then told him that I had a number of copies, and that I wished to expose them for sale in the town. I showed the prior the advertisement, and said I should be glad to have the sale in the convent, if it were agreeable to him. "By all means," said he; and immediately he filled up the blanks in the notices, with his own hand; and sent a person to fix them up. The advertisements were scarcely up, when one and another came tripping in, to purchase a New Testament. In a little time the buyers thickened; while all the friars stood around, enjoying the sight, warmly recommending the Sacred Volume to all who came, and assisting me in the sale when occasion required. The result was, that in two hours and a half, that is, till night came on, I sold 104 copies, which were more than I had sold in Guaranda, Rio Bamba, and Ambato, taken together, although I remained two days in each of those places.—You see by this time, I dare say, why superior arrangements called me to stop at

this place, contrary to my own intention.

Among others whom the sound of our horn brought together, came the vicar of the town. On learning who he was, I made my obeisance, and entered into conversation with him, upon the advantages of the word of God, and the duty of making it known to all; and, to my great joy, I found in him also a friend to this object.

At an early period of our sale, I brought out the Bible of which I have spoken above, and for the purpose there mentioned. It had the desired effect: it arrested the attention, and could have been sold many a time. I told all who wished to purchase it, that there would arrive in a few months a number of copies, and all would be supplied. None being able to obtain it, a little circle resolved to improve the occasion, to learn what it contained; while one in the middle kept reading aloud for a considerable time. There was another attraction, namely, the "Brief View" of the Bible Society; this also drew attention, and was eagerly read. Their approbation of the object of the Society, and their wonder at the effects already produced by it, alternately drew forth corresponding expressions. You need not be told, that I relished the scene before me, and enjoyed a high entertainment. I could not refrain from silent thanksgiving to God, as I brought out another and another parcel of N. Testaments; to which I joined a fervent prayer, that on this occasion the word of God might be sown in good ground.

#### RECENT DISCOVERIES IN AFRICA.

*From the "Narrative of Travels and Discoveries in Northern and Central Africa;" published by Major Denham and Captain Clapperton.*

**BORNOU**, a kingdom of Central Africa, is comprehended, in its present state, between the fifteenth and tenth parallel northern lati-



tude, and twelfth and eighteenth of east longitude. It is bounded on the north by part of Kanem and the desert; on the east, by the lake Tchad, which covers several thousand miles of country, and contains many inhabited islands; on the south-east, by the kingdom of Loggun and the river Shary, which divides Bornou from the kingdom of Begharmi, and loses itself in the waters of the Tchad; on the south by Mandara, an independent kingdom, situated at the foot of an extensive range of primitive mountains; and on the west by Soudan. The heat is excessive, but not uniform, from March to the end of June, being the period when the sun has most power. At this season, about two hours after noon, the thermometer will rise sometimes to 105, and 107; and suffocating and scorching winds from the south and south-east prevail. The nights are dreadfully oppressive; the thermometer not falling much below one hundred degrees, until a few hours before daylight; when eighty-six or eighty-eight denotes comparative freshness. Towards the middle of May, Bornou is visited by violent tempests of thunder, lightning, and rain. Yet in such a dry state is the earth at this time, and so quickly is the water absorbed, that the inhabitants scarcely feel the inconvenience of the season. Considerable damage is done to the cattle and the people by the lightning. They now prepare the ground for their corn; and it is all in the earth before the end of June, when the lakes and rivers begin to overflow; and from the extreme flatness of the country, tracts of many miles are quickly converted into large lakes of water. Nearly constant rains now deluge the land, with cloudy, damp, sultry

weather. The winds are hot and violent, and generally from the east and south.

In October the winter season commences; the rains are less frequent, and the harvest near the towns is got in; the air is milder, and more fresh, the weather serene; breezes blow from the north-west, and with a clearer atmosphere. Towards December, and in the beginning of January, Bornou is colder than from its situation might be expected. The thermometer will, at no part of the day, mount higher than seventy-four or seventy-five; and in the morning it descends to fifty-eight and sixty.

It is these cold fresh winds from the north and northwest that restore health and strength to the inhabitants, who suffer during the damp weather from dreadful attacks of fever and ague, which carry off great numbers every year. The inhabitants are numerous;—the principal towns or cities are thirteen. Ten different languages, or dialects of the same language, are spoken in the empire. The Shouaas have brought with them the Arabic, which they speak nearly pure. They are divided into tribes, and bear still the names of some of the most formidable of the Bedouin hordes of Egypt. They are a deceitful, arrogant, and cunning race; great charm writers; and by pretending to a natural gift of prophecy, they find an easy entrance into the houses of the black inhabitants of the towns, where their pilfering propensities often show themselves. The strong resemblance they bear, both in features and habits, to some of our gipsy tribes, is particularly striking. It is said that Bornou can muster fifteen thousand Shousaas in the field mounted. They are the greatest breeders of cattle in

the country, and annually supply Soudan with two or three thousand horses. The Bornou people, or Kanowry, as they are called, have large unmeaning faces, with flat negro noses, and mouths of great dimensions, with good teeth, and high foreheads. They are peaceable, quiet, and civil: they salute each other with courteousness and warmth; and there is a remarkable good-natured heaviness about them, which is interesting. They are no warriors, but revengeful; and the best of them are given to commit petty larcenies, on every opportunity that offers. They are extremely timid; so much so, that on an Arab once speaking harshly to one of them, he came the next day to ask if he wished to kill him.

As their country produces little beside grain, mostly from a want of industry among the people, they are nearly without foreign trade.

In their manner of living, they are simple in the extreme. Flour made into paste, sweetened with honey, and fat poured over it, is a dish for a sultan. The use of bread is not known; therefore but little wheat is grown. Indeed it is found only in the houses of the great.—Barley is also scarce; a little is sown between the wheat, and is used, when bruised, to take off the brackish taste of the water.

The grain most in use among the people of all classes, and upon which also animals are fed, is a species of millet called *gussub*.—This grain is produced in great quantities, and with scarcely any trouble. The poorer people will eat it raw, or parched in the sun, and be satisfied without any other nourishment for several days together. Bruised and steeped in water, it forms the travelling stock of all pilgrims and soldiers. When

cleared of the husk, pounded, and made into a light paste, in which a little *meloheia* (the *eboo ochra* of Guinea) and melted fat is mixed, it forms a favourite dish, and is called *kaddell*. *Kasheia* is the seed of a grass, which grows wild and in abundance near the water. It is parched in the sun, broken, and cleared of the husk. When boiled, it is eaten as rice, or made into flour; but this is a luxury.

Four kinds of beans are raised in great quantities, called *mussaqu*, *marya*, *kleemy* and *kimmay*, all known by the name of *gafooly*, and are eaten by the slaves and poorer people. A paste made from these and fish was the only eatable we could find in the towns near the river. Salt they scarcely know the use of. Rice might have been cultivated in Bornou, before it became the scene of such constant warfare as has for the last fifteen years defaced the country. It is now brought from Soudan, in the neighbourhood of Muffatai:—in Bornou it is scarce, and of an inferior quality. Indian corn, cotton, and indigo, are the most valuable productions of the soil. The two latter grow wild, close to the T Chad and overflowed grounds. The senna plant is also found wild, and in abundance. The indigo is of a superior quality, and forms a dye which is used in colouring the *tobe* (the only dress the people wear) dark blue, which probably is not excelled in quality in any part of the world. The only implement of husbandry they possess is an ill-shaped hoe, made from the iron found in the Mandara mountains; and the labours of their wretched agriculture devolve, almost entirely, on women. Most of their grain is reaped within two or three months of its being scattered on the earth; (for it can hardly be

called sowing;) and probably there is no spot of land between the tropics, not absolutely desert, so destitute of either fruit or vegetable, as the kingdom of Bornou. Mangoes are only found growing in the neighbourhood of Mandara, and to the west; and with the exception of two or three lemon, or rather lime trees, and as many fig trees, in the garden of the sheikh at Kouka, raised on a spot of ground watched by himself, the care and culture of which give employment to about fifty negroes, not a fruit of any description can be found in the whole kingdom. Date trees there are none south of Woodie, four days north of Kouka, where they are sickly, and produce but an indifferent fruit. Onions are to be procured near the great towns only, but no other vegetable. The people indeed have nothing beyond the bare necessities of life; and are rich only in slaves, bullocks, and horses. Their dress consists of one, two, or three tobes, or large shirts, according to the means of the wearer: a cap of dark blue is worn on the head by persons of rank. Others, indeed generally all, go bareheaded; the head being kept constantly free from hair.—They carry an immense club, three or four feet in length, with a round head to it, which they put to the ground at every step, and walk with great solemnity, followed by two or three slaves: they have what we should call a rolling gait. Red caps are brought by the Tripoli and Mesurata merchants; but they are only purchased by sultans and their immediate attendants. They are mussulmans, and very particular in performing their prayers and ablutions five times a day. They are less tolerant than the Arabs; and I have known a Bornouese refuse to eat with an Arab, because he had not *sully'd* (washed and prayed) at the preceding appointed hour.

They seldom take more than from two to three wives at a time; even the rich; and divorce them as oft as they please, by paying their dower. The poorer class are contented with one. The women are particularly cleanly, but not good-looking: they have large mouths, very thick lips, and high foreheads. Their manner of dressing the hair is also less becoming than that of any other negro nation I have seen: it is brought over the top of the head in three thick rolls; one large one in the centre, and two smaller on each side, just over the ears, joining in front on the forehead in a point, and plastered thickly with indigo and bees' wax. Behind the point it is wiry, very finely plaited, and turned up like a drake's tail. The *Scarin*, or tatoos, which are common to all negro nations in these latitudes, and by which their country is instantly known, are here particularly unbecoming. The Bornouese have twenty cuts or lines on each side of the face, which are drawn from the corners of the mouth, towards the angles of the lower jaw and the cheek bone; and it is quite distressing to witness the torture poor little children undergo who are thus marked, enduring not only the heat, but the attacks of millions of flies. They have also one cut on the forehead in the centre, six on each arm, six on each leg and thigh, four on each breast, and nine on each side, just above the hips. They are however the most humble of females, never approaching their husbands except on their knees, or speaking to any of the male sex, otherwise than with the head and face covered, and kneeling.



Adultery is not common; but the punishment is very severe.—The guilty individuals are bound hand and foot, cast on the ground, and their brains dashed out by the club of the injured husband and his male relatives.

In Barbary, females not unfrequently become mothers at the age of twelve, or even eleven years. In Bornou such a circumstance is unknown. Girls here rarely marry until they are fourteen or fifteen; often not so young.

The domestic animals are dogs, sheep, goats, cows, and herds of oxen, beyond all calculation. The Shounaas on the banks of the Tchad have probably 20,000 near their different villages; while the shores of their great river Shary could furnish double that number. They also breed multitudes of horses, with which they furnish the Soudan market, where this animal is very inferior.

The domestic fowl is common, and is the cheapest animal food that can be purchased: a dollar will purchase forty. They are small, but well flavoured.

The bees are so numerous, as in some places to obstruct the passage of travellers. The honey is but partially collected. That buzzing noisy insect, the locust, is also a frequent visiter. Clouds of them appear in the air; and the natives, by screams and various noises, endeavour to prevent their descending to the earth. In the district where they pitch, every particle of vegetation is quickly devoured. The natives eat them with avidity, both roasted and boiled, and formed into balls as a paste.

The game is abundant, and consists of antelopes, gazelles, hares, an animal about the size of a red deer, with annulated horns, called *koorigum*, partridges very large,

small grouse, wild ducks, geese, snipes, and the ostrich, the flesh of which is much esteemed.—Pelicans, spoonbills, the Balearic crane, in great numbers, with a variety of other large birds of the crane species, are also found in the marshes. The woods abound with the guinea fowl.

The wild animals are, the lion, which in the wet season approaches to the walls of the towns, panthers, and a species of tiger-cat, are in great numbers in the neighbourhood of Mandara; the leopard, the hyena, the jackal, the civet-cat, the fox, hosts of monkeys, black, gray, and brown; and the elephant, the latter so numerous as to be seen near the Tchad, in herds of from fifty to four hundred. This noble animal they hunt, and kill for the sake of his flesh, as well as the ivory of his tusk. The buffalo, the flesh of which is a delicacy, has a high game flavour. The crocodile and the hippopotamus are also numerous; and the flesh of both is eaten. That of the crocodile is extremely fine: it has a green firm fat, resembling the turtle, and the callipee has the colour, firmness, and flavour, of the finest veal. The giraffe is seen and killed by the buffalo hunters in the woods and marshy grounds near the Tchad. Reptiles are numerous; they consist of scorpions, centipedes, and disgusting large toads, serpents of several kinds, and a snake said to be harmless, of the congo kind, sometimes measuring fourteen and sixteen feet in length.

The beasts of burden, used by the inhabitants, are the bullock and the ass. A very fine breed of the latter is found in the Mandara valleys. Strangers and chiefs, in the service of the shiekh or sultan, alone possess camels. The bullock is the bearer of all the grain, and

other articles, to and from the markets. A small saddle of plaited rushes is laid on him, when sacks made of goats' skins, and filled with corn, are lashed on his broad and able back. A leather thong is passed through the cartilage of his nose, and serves as a bridle, while on the top of the load is mounted the owner, his wife, or his slave. Sometimes the daughter or the wife of a rich shouaa will be mounted on her particular bullock, and precede the loaded animals; extravagantly adorned with amber, silver rings, coral, and all sorts of finery, her hair streaming with fat, a black rim of *kohol*, at least an inch wide, round each of her eyes, and I may say, arrayed for conquest at the crowded market. Carpets and tobés are then spread on her clumsy palfrey: she sits *jambe deçà*, *jambe delà*, and with considerable grace guides her animal by his nose. Notwithstanding the peaceableness of his nature, her vanity still enables her to torture him into something like caperings and curvetings.

The price of a good bullock is from three dollars to three dollars and a half.

The Bornou laws are arbitrary, and the punishment summary.—Murder is punished by death: the culprit, on conviction, is handed over to the relations of the deceased, who revenge his death with their clubs; repeated thefts, by the loss of a hand, or by burying the young Spartan, if he be a beginner, with only his head above ground, well buttered or honeyed, and so exposing him for twelve or eighteen hours to the torture of a burning sun, and innumerable flies and mosquitoes, who all feast on him undisturbed. These punishments are, however, often commuted for others of a more lenient

kind. Even the judge himself has a strong fellow feeling for a culprit of this description. When a man refuses to pay his debts, and has the means, on a creditor pushing his claims, the *cadi* takes possession of the debtor's property, pays the demand, and takes a handsome per centage for his trouble. It is necessary, however, that the debtor should give his consent; but this is not long withheld, as he is pinioned and laid on his back until it is given; for all which trouble and restiveness, he pays handsomely to the *cadi*; and they seldom find a man that gets into a scrape of this kind twice. On the other hand, should a man be in debt, and unable to pay, on clearly proving his poverty, he is at liberty. The judge then says, "God send you the means;" the bystanders say, "Amen;" and the insolvent has full liberty to trade where he pleases. But if, at any future time, his creditors catch him with even two tobés on, or a red cap, on taking him before the *cadi*, all superfluous habiliments are stripped off, and given towards payment of his debts.

The towns generally are large, and well built; they have walls, thirty-five and forty feet in height, and nearly twenty feet in thickness. They have four entrances, with three gates to each, made of solid planks eight or ten inches thick, and fastened together with heavy clumps of iron. The houses consist of several court-yards, between four walls, with apartments leading out of them for slaves;—then a passage, and an inner court, leading to the habitations of the different wives, who have each a square place to themselves, enclosed by walls, and a handsome thatched hut. From thence also you ascend a wide staircase of five

or six steps, leading to the apartments of the owner, which consist of two buildings like towers or turrets, with a terrace of communication between them looking into the street, with a castellated window. The walls are made of reddish clay, as smooth as stucco, and the roofs most tastefully arched on the inside with branches, and thatched on the out with a grass known in Barbary by the name of *lidthur*. The horns of the gazelle and the antelope serve as a substitute for nails or pegs. These are fixed in different parts of the walls, and on them hang the quivers, bows, spears, and shields, of the chief. A man of consequence will sometimes have four of these terraces and eight turrets, forming the faces of his mansion or domain, with all the apartments of his women, within the space below.—Horses and other animals are usually allowed an enclosure near one of the court yards forming the entrance. Dwellings, however, of this description are not common. Those generally used by the inhabitants are of four kinds: *Cossie*, which is a hut built entirely of straw; *Bongo*, a hut with circular mud walls, thatched with straw; *N' Geim kolumby*, and *Fatto-sug-deeby*, huts of coarse mats, made from the grass which grows near the lake. Our dwellings were called *Bongos*, and were about eight feet in diameter inside, about the shape of a haystack, and with a hole at the bottom, about two feet and a half high, which we used to creep in and out at. Air, or light holes, we were obliged to dispense with; as they admitted both flies and mosquitoes, which were worse than darkness.

Their utensils are few, and consist of earthen pots, which they make beautifully for cooking, and

wooden bowls for dishes. Water, which is their only beverage, is drunk from a large calabash, which grows wild near the rivers, after being cooled in earthen jars. They sleep on mats covered with the skins of animals. Leather cushions of various colours, and fancifully ornamented, are brought from Soudan, and are used as pillows by persons of superior rank; who also have a small Turkey carpet, on which they sit or sleep, and the price of which is a young female slave.

The amusements of the people consist in meeting together in the evening, either in the court-yard of one of the houses of the great, or under the shades formed with mats, which are in the open places of the town, where prayers are said at the different appointed hours by the Iman or Priest. Here they talk, and sometimes play a game resembling chess, with beans, and twelve holes made in the sand.—The Arabs have a game similar to this, which they play with camels' dung in the desert, but the Bornouese are far more skilful.

Like the birds, their day finishes when the sun goes down; but very few, even of the great people, indulge in the luxury of a lamp, which is made of iron, and filled with bullocks' fat. They have no oil. A few jars are brought by the Tripoli merchants from the valleys of the Gharian, as presents only.—Soap is also an article they are greatly in want of. An oily juice, which exudes from the stem of a thorny tree, called *kadahnia*, or *mikadahniah*, resembling a gum, enables the people of Soudan to make a coarse soap, by mixing it with bullocks' fat and trona. It is something like soft soap, and has a pleasant smell. This is brought in small wooden boxes, holding less



than half a pound, which sell for seven rottala each, two thirds of a dollar. From this tree is also procured a nut, from which a purer oil is extracted, which they burn in Soudan, and is also used by the women, to anoint their heads and bodies. This tree is not found in Bornou.

The skin of their sheep is covered with long hair; wool, therefore, they have none. Brass and copper are brought in small quantities from Barbary. A large copper kettle will sell for a slave. The brass is wrought into leglets, and worn by the women.

A small brass basin, tinned, is a present for a sultan, and is used to drink out of. Four or five dollars, or a Soudan tobe, will scarcely purchase one. Gold is neither

found in the country, nor is it brought into it. The Tuaricks are almost the only merchants visiting Soudan, who trade in that metal, which they carry to Barbary and Egypt. It is said that the sheikh has a store, which is brought him directly from Soudan.

Iron is procured from the Mandara mountains; but is not brought in large quantities, and it is coarse. The best iron comes from Soudan, worked up in that country into good pots and kettles. The money of Bornou is the manufacture of the country. Strips of cotton, about three inches wide, and a yard in length, are called gubbuk; and three, four, and five of these, according to their texture, go to a rottala. Ten rottala are now equal to a dollar.

(To be continued.)

From the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.

#### REMARKS ON HEBREWS X, 38.

"The just shall live by faith: but if any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him."

THE words "*any man*," here supplied by our translators, are wholly unnecessary, and appear to have been introduced merely to save the doctrine of the indefectibility of the saints. A person whose mind was not previously biassed in favour of any particular doctrine, would never think of giving such a turn to the passage, but would translate the words according to their simple and undeniable import: *The just shall live by faith; but if he draw back, my soul hath no pleasure in him.* The verbs ζῆσαι and ὑποσείλαι have the same nominative; viz. ὁ δίκαιος, being separated only by the two conjunctions, καὶ εἰ; so that to seek for another nominative to ὑποσείλαι is not only unnecessary, but contrary to analogy and gene-

ral practice. This passage, therefore, evidently represents it as a possible case for the just man, who lives by faith, to draw back; so that God shall have no pleasure in him.

But the advocates of absolute perseverance endeavour to break the force of this and similar texts, by saying, "It is only a supposition; it does not state positively that any just man who has been living by faith, really does or can draw back; but merely says, *If he draw back, my soul hath no pleasure in him.*" This way of obviating the difficulty, however, attaches the charge of folly and absurdity to the oracles of the only wise God. It represents God as supposing a case which is absolutely impossible; as warning men against an evil which is altogether imaginary; and as expressing his displeasure against a line of con-

duct, which no human being can possibly pursue. Can any sober person really believe, that God would speak in such language?

Human governments find it necessary to enact a variety of laws, in order to prevent the commission of crimes, and to punish those, who, in spite of such warnings, will transgress. And it may be laid down as a universal rule, that whatever actions are thus prohibited and declared worthy of punishment, such actions are not only considered possible, but have actually been performed already, and are likely to be performed again. Search the records of history; examine the legislative enactments of all, who ever had authority in their hands; and not a single instance can be found of a law prohibiting a thing which is totally impracticable, or of punishments denounced against those who should accomplish an impossibility.

If the British legislature were to pass a law, denouncing severe punishment upon any one who should pluck the sun out of the firmament, or who should push one of the planets out of its orbit, or who should separate Europe from the Eastern Continent and unite it with America; such a law would carry extreme absurdity on the very face of it, and would strikingly exhibit the weakness and folly of those by whom it was enacted.— Yet such a law would not be a whit more absurd, than is the declara-

tion in the above cited passage, on the supposition that it is impossible for a saint finally and irrecoverably to lose the grace of God.

To reason, therefore, from analogy in this case,—which Scripture itself teaches us to do,—we may lay it down as a universal rule, that every supposition in the word of God relative to the actions and conduct of men, every prohibition of any action or conduct, and every denunciation of punishment to be connected with any action or conduct, proves that such actions are possible; that such conduct may exist. There is a reference, in all such cases, to something which has occurred, and which is likely to occur again. Hence the supposition in Hebrews x, 38, proves incontrovertibly that a just man, who lives by faith, may draw back, even as it is expressed in the next verse, “unto perdition:” and this single passage, properly considered, is enough to overturn altogether the doctrine of the absolute and infallible perseverance of the saints.

Most, if not all, of the modern European versions have, like our own, the unnecessary and improper addition of the words *any man* in this verse. In this case they have either copied the error one from another, or else have all agreed in following the Latin version of Theodore Beza, in preference to the Greek original.

W. P. B.

Penzance, April, 1826.

#### THE SIMPLICITY OF MOHAMMEDAN LAW.

*To the Editor of the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.*

April 10th, 1826.

THE inclosed decision on a point of Mohammedan law, I have taken from the original: I may furnish you with a more curious specimen at some future time.

Yours truly, ADAM CLARKE.

The following question was proposed to Mohummud Moorâd, one of the law officers of the principal court for the administration of justice to the natives, under the Madras government.

"The decision of those on whom be the mercy of God.\*

"*Quest.* Is the mother of a child,† after the death of the master, the property of his heirs or not?

"*Ans.* No: she is in this case free; and the heirs of the master have no authority over her:—according to the Hedaya Book, Willah,‡ where it is contained: 'If the master die, the mothers of his children become free.'—*Mohammud Moorâd.*

## RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

### ANNIVERSARY OF THE FEMALE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF NEW-YORK,

*Auxiliary to the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.*

On Monday evening, 24th of July, this Society held its seventh anniversary in John-street Church. According to previous arrangement, the Rev. Jas. B. Finley, with two of the converted chiefs of the Wyandot tribe, Between-the-Logs and Menoncue, with Brown the interpreter, were present. The Report was read by the Rev. Mr. Chase; after which a resolution to accept and print it was made, by the Rev. Samuel Doughty, of the Philadelphia Conference, seconded by the Rev. Professor Durbin, of the Augusta College, in Kentucky.

On moving the resolution, Mr. Doughty addressed the meeting as follows:

"Mr. President: The cause of missions presents the strongest claims to our regard. It comes clothed with the highest authority, and involving the deepest interests of man. But of the various classes of mankind, to whom the missionary is sent, none is more interesting than that long-neglected race whose cause we this evening espouse. Who, indeed, has not heard of Indian valour, and felt an interest in Indian adventure? Where is the child that listens not with deepest interest to the story of the wild-red-man? His story has amused and instructed older and more experienced minds, and will one day employ the ablest pens of history and fiction.

"The Indian is, literally, a *wild man*. Impenetrable forests are his cities. The broad blue sky, often darkened with the scowling tempest, is the extended roof of all his habitations. The hard, cold earth, covered with a few scanty furs, is his bed, on which he sleeps more soundly than pampered princes on their downy couches.

Water from the bubbling spring and rapid current satisfies his thirst; the deer and bear and buffalo, pierced by his well-aimed arrows, administer to his hunger. All without and around him is wild and dark; the faithful reflection of all that is within.

"We will not deny that in the Indian's soul resides something that we may admire. He is often generous even to magnanimity; and faithful even to a scruple. Sometimes the lambent flame of sensibility shines dimly through his dark and rugged dispositions;—while the kindness and fidelity of the lover, the amiableness of the husband, and the tenderness of the parent, hide themselves among the rank and dominant affections of his savage nature. His sagacity is proverbial. Occasionally he possesses great acuteness; an elevation of thought that surprises; an eloquence, bold, impetuous, and resistlessly commanding. Accustomed from his birth to scenes of activity, enterprise, and hardship, he has obtained a fearful perfection in these indispensable acquirements. His fleetness flags not in the chase; its labour exhausts not his strength; danger rouses his courage and increases his intrepidity. He will dance with exultation around the fires of death that consume his tortured victims; or he will triumphantly sing his own death-song in the midst of kindling flames, as though he felt them not.

"But still, after every allowance of all that may be considered great or noble about the Indian's character, he is but a poor wild man. His intellect is cramped within a narrow range, beyond which his forest opportunities cannot expand it;

\* The ancient Mohammedan doctors; those referred to in the Hedaya, or Commentary on the Mosliman Laws.

† Meaning a female slave who has had a child by her master.

‡ Willah, determinations concerning property. I find the same decision in the Hedaya, under the title Ittak; Manumission of Slaves: Cap. I, *in fine*. The opinion in the above case was confirmed; it admitted of no litigation.



and there, like a plant that shoots up in the shade, it sickens; or it prematurely dies, just as the burning taper goes out for want of air. The blandishments of civil life smooth not the asperities of his rugged nature. The cheering light of science dawns not upon his mind to dissipate its darkness, and train his feeble thought into high and virtuous action.—While the midnight gloom that rests upon his soul, involving all his paths, no ray from heaven dispels. From the invaluable blessings which we so richly possess, he is entirely excluded, by nature, by almost inveterate habits, and by prejudice. The vices of civil life, unattended by its angel virtues, have followed the traders' steps, and found their way to his dwellings, scattering moral pestilence and death throughout his forests.

"But though rude and wild, the Indian is still a man. He has a soul—an immortal soul; a soul as valuable as the white man's. For it 'the man of sorrows' groaned and died. On the palms of his bleeding hands, in letters of redeeming love, the poor Indian's name is written; and heaven will re-echo loudly with responsive notes of gladness, over his repentance. But this immortal soul is a *pile of ruins*! There Satan has erected his throne, and hell established her dominions: there in quiet security, like the coiled serpent in his den, the arch fiend reposes, smiling at the desolation which surrounds him.

"How shall this 'brand' be 'snatched from the burning'? how pluck the prey out of the mouth of the devourer?—The Indian cares not for the future: his thought settles not upon the grave, nor visits its dark and dreary chambers: of that eternity in which the soul's great interest lies, he knows nothing, and harbours not a care. Leave him to himself, and he will die as he has lived—shrouded in midnight darkness. And shall he perish,—while help is at his door? Shall the "accusing angel" "leave a record in heaven" that "no man careth for" the Indian's "soul"? Oh, no. We will arise and go to his help. It shall be ours to raise him from the stupor into which he has fallen. We will remember what our own case was. The deep sleep of spiritual death had locked up our senses, and we were hurrying with rapid strides down the "broad road that leadeth to destruction." If the thought of death presented itself, we banished it as an intruder upon our peace. If our eyes rested upon the grave, we shuddered as we thought of its deadly solitude, and dismal gloom; and if, under the influence of the moment, the current of our thought

was hurried out upon the vast ocean of eternity, our soul was alarmed as if we had foundered upon a rock. But alas! these occasional bursts of light, like the fitful lightning's flash, passed off, and left our darkness deeper. The world threw its alluring charms around us, and whispering peace, inspired us with delusive hopes. In this condition we might have lived, and died, and perished, had not the "gospel of Christ" aroused us from our awful slumbers, and awakened us to spiritual life. Let us then act from gratitude, and send to the Indian that gospel which a merciful Heaven has sent to us. Let it go, big with the fulness of its blessings, and breathe into his soul the breath of eternal life. We presume too much, when we think his salvation secure without the instrumentality of the gospel. And our presumption is equally great when we entrust his conversion to miracles. By miracles the gospel was first established in the world:—but now, the dissemination of its truth is committed to the instrumentality of man. *Means*, not miracles, are wanting. The power of the gospel is itself miraculous;—send that power into our forest wilds, and it will reclaim their inhabitants. Furnish but the *means* of sending it there, and we can trust Heaven to send his blessing after it.

"The Indian seems to be providentially cast upon our care. Our own forests enbosom him, and they skirt our very farms and villages. Are we interested in the salvation of the heathen of Asia, of Africa, and of the Islands, and have we no concern for the Indian that is running wild and perishing at our doors? Is his salvation less important—is there less merit in rescuing him from destruction, because oceans roll not their towering waves between us? Is he not as much our brother? is not his misery as great? are not his claims strong and more imperious? Let a sense of justice quicken and direct our movements. The Indian is the rightful owner of the soil on which we tread, now covered with our wide-spread habitations. Once his dark forests waved over this land, his wandering step measured their dimensions, and he proudly called them his own. But the white man came: the thunder of his cannon drove the Indian deeper and deeper into the recesses of the wilderness. Might, alas! triumphed over right; and the conqueror's title to the red man's land was written with the red man's blood.—And where is the Indian now? Is he, like the degraded African, mingled with the conquering whites? does he bear the galling yoke of the oppressor upon his indignant shoulder? Oh no. America is freedom's

favourite land; and the Indian is America's first-born son: his liberty, though wild and lawless, could not be enslaved. True, he was overpowered by superior force, but his lofty spirit was not subdued. He stood like the oak of his own forests:—the storm that swept over him could not bend him. His vigorous branches waved their proud defiance, lashing the blast till they were broken; and uprooted from his fastenings, he fell terrible in death! A few of his people remain, the scattered fragments of a broken nation, to tell what they have been. We have driven them deep into their forests; let us follow them—not to destroy, but to save: not with the hatchet of war, but with the "gospel of peace."—We have wrested from them their country; let us direct them to a better. We have filled their souls with sadness and death; now let us pour the "oil of joy" into their bleeding wounds, and gladden them with the cheering prospects of heaven.

"But in order to be saved, the Indian must 'call upon the Lord.'" "How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?" And how shall we send them without you furnish us with the means?

"And who will go on this errand of mercy? He that will engage in this work must have a heart filled with the love of God and of man: for, leaving his dearest friends and his much loved home, he must direct his steps, not to the habitations of the rich, or the wise, or the honourable; nor to populous cities, where praise may inflame his eloquence and zeal, and the caressing hand of thousands smooth his way and make him welcome:—but to the wilderness;—to deep and dark interminable forests, to hunt, like his Lord and Master, the poor lost sheep: to labour, to suffer, to be exposed to pain and peril, to bear a thousand difficulties, that he may bring Christ to the poor Indian's soul. It is to support such men in their benevolent labours, that we make our appeal to your charity, to your sense of justice, to your Christian feelings. It is to accomplish this work of mercy and salvation, that we advocate the Indian's cause. And shall we plead in vain? Oh no.—We know your charity will flow in generous streams; your hearts and hands will both be opened widely. You will take these poor outcast, destitute children of nature, into your benevolent arms, and foster them with Christian care. Oh no, no! it shall never

be told that a Christian assembly, such as this, could close their eyes upon the Indian's wrongs, and shut their ears against the Indian's prayer. Never, never shall it be said that heaven cast him—that he cast himself—upon our mercy, and we spurned him from us: that he intreated, but we offered him no hand of guidance to happiness and heaven.—Oh! if we would not meet the Indian's angry spirit at the judgment bar, and hear his awful accusation, "*My soul has perished through the white man's neglect:*" if we would not see the Judge's countenance turned upon us stern and dark—nor hear his fearful mandate, "*Take the unprofitable servant, bind him hand and foot, and cast him into outer darkness!*" let us be merciful!—Yes, be merciful, and you shall have the red man's prayers. When in the shades of his forests, he shall bend his knees to the *Great Spirit* whom your benevolence will have taught him to know and to love, gratitude to his benefactors will give a deeper fervour to his devotions;—your names shall tremble on his grateful lips, and his ministering spirit shall waft them to heaven for Jehovah's blessing!"

We regret that we are not able to give the speech of professor Durbin, who seconded the resolution. He observed, however, in substance, that the missionary cause combined in its immense range, as means of accomplishing the great and benevolent purposes of redemption, the Bible Societies, Tract Societies, and Sunday Schools, as well as Missionary Societies. These all were so many streams issuing from the great fountain of mercy, flowing in different directions, watering and fertilizing Immanuel's land.

He then adverted to the condition of our Indian tribes. He observed that perhaps a few in the assembly could witness from their own experience, the heart-rending scenes which have been witnessed in aforesaid on our western frontiers, by the savage ferocity of the natives and the hatred of the whites. As for himself, he was born on the frontiers—from his mother's breast he had imbibed a mortal hatred towards the Indians—and the bones of some of his ancestors were mouldering in the same tomb with the hostile savage. Under the influence of this prejudice against the Indian character, he grew up; and even after the gospel had been introduced among them, and he had heard of its blessed effects on their hearts and lives, he remained incredulous. So he remained until he attended a meeting where *Menoncue* and *Between-the-Logs*, with about seventy of their brethren, were

present. At this time his brother Finley, the missionary, delivered a discourse to the Indians. He then placed himself so as to observe, with the eye of a critic, the countenance of the Indians, and especially that of Menoncue, thinking this to be the surest index of the heart. The discourse went to show, 1. The nature and end of crime, and 2. The nature and end of pure religion. Under the first head, while the speaker was describing the nature and end of crime, the brow of this chief seemed to contract itself into an awful frown, and resembled the face of nature when shadowed by a thick cloud coming between the earth and sun, and was expressive of the deepest horror and detestation: but when the speaker struck on the note of redeeming love, described the joys of religion, and spoke of the bright anticipations of future glory, it was like the sudden bursting of the sun's rays on the earth, his countenance was instantly lighted up with the smile of gladness, while the falling tear, and involuntary acclamation of joyous hope, proclaimed his sincerity and deep devotion to God.

The effect on the whole assembly, and particularly on "myself," said Mr. Durbin, "was instantaneous, electrifying, and most satisfactory. My prejudices against the Indian character fled like the mists before the rising sun, and my incredulity respecting the possibility of bringing these people under the influence of Christianity, gave way for the most unhesitating faith, and my educational hatred was exchanged for the most cordial love and Christian affection. We flew into each other's arms, and embraced one another as brethren beloved in Christ."

Could we transfuse into our columns the pathos, the *divine unction*, with which this address was delivered, and describe the exhilarating effect it produced on the audience, we might then demonstrate the excellency and utility of missionary anniversaries; and likewise convince those who may be prejudiced against them, that their prejudices are unfounded, and of course unjustifiable.

We cannot pretend to give even an outline of the interesting address of brother Finley. He narrated, in an animated manner, the progress of the work of reformation among these long neglected people, the difficulties which had been encountered and overcome, and the glorious achievements of redeeming grace and love. One circumstance, however, is worthy of record. Some of the Indian boys, who had been at the mission school, were sent to live in white Christian families, for the purpose of learning them more perfectly

the English language, and the habits of civilized life.

One of these was entrusted to a merchant, himself religious, but having several clerks who were not so. On leaving the boy, Mr. Finley charged him to watch and pray, otherwise those thoughtless clerks would lead him astray from the paths of piety. It so happened that they all slept in the same room. The Indian boy, on going to bed, as had been usual with him, before lying down, kneeled by the side of his bed for private prayer. A few evenings after he had been there, on entering his room, he found these young clerks indulging themselves in very improper conversation, and they soon directed their shafts of ridicule at him. Instead of being daunted by this insulting conduct, he turned fearlessly towards them, reproved them for their rude conduct, and, among other things, told them that there was not a boy among the Wyandot Indians that was as wicked as they were. He then kneeled down in their presence, and most fervently prayed to God, in the name of Jesus Christ, to have mercy on their souls. The effect was irresistible—and it resulted in the awakening and conversion of the whole of them—so that the merchant observed afterwards, that the Indian boy had been the means of reforming all his clerks.

Mr. Finley having concluded his address, *Between-the-Logs* rose, and in a very interesting, solemn and impressive manner, accompanying almost every word with an appropriate, natural and easy gesture of some part of his body, addressed the assembly through the interpreter, Mr. Brown, at considerable length. As we took no notes of his speech at the time, we avail ourselves of the labours of the editors of the *Commercial Advertiser*, for the substance of what *Between-the-Logs* delivered; only observing, that as far as we could judge from his gesticulations, he must have deeply felt what he said, and that his speech was made up of highly wrought figures, in the true primitive and oriental style.

"We regret much," says the paper alluded to, "not being able to hear all that the interpreter said—he exerted himself much to be heard and understood, but the deep guttural sound of the Indian dialect drowned many of his English words. The purport of what he said, so far as we understood, was as follows:

Brothers—We have come from the country of the great lakes, to tell you what God has done for us.

Brothers—Many winters ago we were in great ignorance. We knew there was a Great Spirit, who made the waters and



the land, and we wished to worship him, but we knew not how. And we wanted to get religion. Then we heard of a priest they called a Roman, among our white brethren.

Brothers—I went with my young men to see the Roman, and learn how to worship the Great Spirit. We found him on the Lord's day, and went to church.—[Here Between-the-Logs went into a particular description of the rites and ceremonies of the Catholic service, together with a description of the dress of the priest, and those who assisted at the altar. But notwithstanding the explanations which they attempted to make, it all appeared to be idle mummery, and it gave no satisfaction to his mind.]

Brothers—From the church the Roman took us to his house, where a great feast was spread, and at the head of the table were some bottles of strong waters, which have been the destruction of the red men. He drank some himself, and he gave some to me and my people. But my mind was not satisfied: we wanted religion, and could not get it here. My young men, too, would buy the strong waters, and it made them wicked.

Brothers—Then we returned to our hunting ground, but still we were not satisfied, and we wanted to get religion, that the Great Spirit might not be angry. We then heard of a prophet, and I and some of my young men went from the Maumee to Buffalo, to see him. But still I got no religion.

Brothers—Then young men thought they would be prophets too, and we had a dozen of them. And they prophesied and told us of witches. And when any of our warriors, our women, or our little ones, were sick, they would say they were bewitched. They told who the witches were, and some of them were killed, and the earth drank their blood. But I was not satisfied, I did not think this was the way to worship, and I feared the Great Spirit would be angry.

Brothers—Then came the war, and we took up the tomahawk, and the great waters were stained with blood.

Brothers—After the peace, we returned to our hunting grounds, and again thought of religion. And there was a conjurer came among us, who told us we must worship by feastings and drinking, and then we should get religion. So we sent out our young men, and they brought in the deer, and we spread our blankets, kindled our fires, and made great feasts. The conjurer said we must have liquor, and he always sat down by the jug.

Brothers—The feastings did not bring

us religion—our people drank and quarrelled, and sometimes their knives were made red with blood. Then there came a man who was a coloured man, and they said he was a preacher, and would give us religion. He came to our feasts, sat at table with us, and some of our people liked him, because he liked the feasts, and so they thought they must be in the right way. We gave him food, and skins to sleep on, and he visited our cabins, and talked and read to our women and children.

Brothers—By and by he would take out a book which was called the good book, at our feasts, and would read, and sing, and we thought it very strange. Then he told us we must give up our feasts, and drink no more liquors—for that was not the way to get religion, and the Great Spirit would not smile upon his red children. Our young men were angry, and wished to drive him away; but when they would raise their arms against him, to thrust him out, he would take out the good book and read, and sometimes he would smile upon them and sing, and sometimes close his eyes and pray. And they had no power over him, and could not raise their hands against him.

Brothers—A white man then came among us and talked to us from the good book. He told us that the white and the red men were all great sinners, and how the Great God came down and died to save us. I listened to him—I believed—and was happy. My heart now felt light, and I began to feel that I had found religion.

Brothers—I tell you the truth, as this good missionary [pointing to the Rev. Mr. Finley] will say, if you ask him. From that time a great change has taken place among us. Before, our tempers were bad, we were cross and unsocial, and quarrelsome. Now, all is peace and good-will: when we meet we do not pass each other unsocially, but shake hands, and ask how you do, and how is your family, and what is the state of your soul. Before, we knew not what relationship was; our women were neglected, and our children grew up without government. Now, we know our relations, and cherish and love them.—Before, we shaved and painted our heads, and put jewels in our ears and noses, and all the silver we could get was put in clasps on our arms. Now, we have thrown them all away. Before, we had seen white men's ruffles, and we had ruffles too, which came almost to our feet. Now, we have cast them away, and dress as you see us here.

Brothers—I speak the truth—and if you will come among us you will see how

great things the Lord has done for us. You will see our people orderly, our cabins neat, our women and children clothed, and you will see them singing hymns, or on their knees praying to God.

Brothers—Listen a little longer—we have come here to speak the truth, to this great city which we have often heard of, but never expected to see. We thank you for sending us the good missionaries, and the good book; for giving us clothing, and teaching us religion, and making us happy; and may the Great God look down and bless you.

Brothers—All our people have not got religion yet; and there are some bad young men; but we hope the Good Spirit will yet guide them in the right way.—Some of the white people on our borders slander us, and say that we are as wicked and drunken and quarrelsome as ever.—But do not believe them. We tell you the truth, and if you will come among us you will see how great things the Lord hath done for us.

Brothers—Again we thank you for the care you have taken for us. We go to our country towards the setting sun, and may never hear your voices nor see you more. Farewell!

Menoncue then rose and spoke for a few moments in a very graceful, and we should suppose forcible and eloquent manner. But the interpreter appeared a good deal fatigued, and, as we thought, gave us but a very inadequate idea of the force and power of his language.

Brothers—My brother has said in his talk all that I intended to say.

Brothers—Our land was in darkness, and I was a very bad man—worse than I can tell you. But the good missionaries came among us and told us to pray to God. I prayed to God, and he gave me a new heart.

Brothers—My words shall be few. We have come a great way to return you our thanks for the good you have done us and our people. We rejoice to see our brethren of the great city.

Brothers—Our people were few, but since the good missionaries have taught us to refrain from our vices, we are increasing in numbers. The Great God will look down upon your exertions with eyes of mercy.

Brothers—The good missionaries among us are welcome. Some of our people are yet ignorant of the Great God, and his Son who died for us; and we wish you to keep our good brother among us.

Brothers—Your religious privileges are very great. You will not neglect them, nor forget the wants of our people. We

beg your prayers for our happiness in this world and the next.

Brothers—We return to our homes in the wilderness, and shall never see you more. But let us all pray that the red men and the white, may meet in happiness in the world to come!

Brothers—I told you my words should be few. I have done.

The voice of Menoncue was rich and full, his gestures graceful, and his manner impassioned. The language too, was smooth and flowing, and had it been understood by the audience before undergoing the diluting process of the interpreter, we have no doubt that it would have been considered a fine specimen of aboriginal eloquence.

After the addresses, the three Indians united in singing a hymn in their own language. This part of the exercises awakened a crowd of interesting reflections, which we think will not soon be forgotten—and many a silent tear evinced the overflowings of a heart of sensibility. To listen to these children of the forest, attuning their voices to the praises of their Saviour, who redeemed from their barbarous and unhallowed practices, to the worship and service of their Creator, was peculiarly affecting. Menoncue finished the exercises by a prayer in his own language.—He appeared very devout and energetic in his petitions, and spoke with a fluency of which we had scarcely supposed their language capable. It seemed to us as though that language was first used to convey devout aspirations. We could not understand his words, but we recognised and participated in his feelings, and felt that the Searcher of hearts understood his petition, and with his parental eye viewed us all as the children of one family."

We can only say in conclusion, that a more rich intellectual and spiritual feast, we scarcely ever enjoyed. At another place where Between-the-Logs spoke, among other things he observed that they, the chiefs, had not heard a sermon since they left home. When there, he said, they had been in the habit of being preached to; but now we hear nothing which we can understand; the preachers preach to the people, but say nothing to us, for we cannot understand what they say; and, said he, I wonder if the people to whom you preach understand you, for I see no effect produced! He was answered, that in one meeting he had attended he must have seen some effect. To this he nodded an assent. He was then told that we did not consider a loud noise a *certain* indication of deep piety, although pious people might shout and praise God aloud; and

that at some of our meetings the people were much animated, and lively in their devotions.

That this visit of these "firstfruits" of what we hope may be a rich harvest of souls from the wilds, has had, and will continue to have, a most salutary influence on the Christian community, we cannot entertain a doubt. Indeed, some who attended this meeting more than half skeptics in respect to the propriety of aboriginal missions, have expressed their entire assent to the enterprise, and their full conviction of its utility and final success.

The amount of money received on the occasion was \$160 00.—In addition to this, many valuable donations of wearing apparel were made by benevolent individuals, which will be sent on to the mission family. On the whole, our brethren from the mission have left us under the most favourable impressions;—and they are followed with the kind feelings, we believe, and hearty prayers of all the pious who witnessed their conduct, for the ultimate accomplishment of the great work of evangelization going forward among them.

#### MAINE CONFERENCE.

This conference held its last session in Buxport, state of Maine, July 6, 1826.—On the 7th, the anniversary of the Maine Conference Missionary Society was celebrated; and the Report gives an encouraging account of the state of feeling in regard to the cause of missions in general. The mission within the bounds of that conference has been prospered. Four societies have been formed, including in the whole fifty members; and it is expected that it will soon be comprehended among the regular circuits.

This society was formed at the first session of the conference after being set off from the New England Conference.—It could not therefore be expected, especially considering the smallness of its numbers, that its funds would be ample. It has, however, paid into the general treasury \$51 82: and from the following resolution, which was adopted by the meeting, we may hope for an enlargement of its borders, and an increase of its pecuniary resources—namely: "That the preachers be urged to form branch societies, wherever they can, auxiliary to the Maine Conference Missionary Society."

At this conference there were preachers received on trial, 13; ordained deacons, 5—elders, 3; returned located, 3; supernumerary, 2; superannuated, 2.—Numbers in society this year, 7300; last year, 6968. Increase this year, 340.

##### *Stations of the Preachers.*

PORTLAND DISTRICT.—*David Kilburn*, P. E. Kennebunk—*Phineas Crandell*.—

Portland—*Ephraim Wiley*. Scarborough—*Richard E. Schermerhorn*. Gorham—*Jonas Weston*. Buxton—*Green G. Moore*. Baldwin—*Silas Frink*, Richworth J. Ayr. Gray—*John Briggs*. Poland—*Benjamin Burnham*. Waterford—*David Copeland*. Bethel—*Ebenezer F. Newell*. Strong—*Elisha Streeter*, Nathaniel P. Devereux. Livermore—*John Atwell*. Reedfield—*Aaron Sanderson*, *Philip Ayn*. Winthrop—*Stephen Lovell*. Durham—*True Page*, James Harrington.

KENNEBECK DISTRICT.—*Eliezer Wells*, P. E. Bath—*Sullivan Bray*. Hallowell—*Wilder B. Mack*, Moses Hill. Fairfield—*David Hutchinson*. Industry—*Henry True*, Elliott B. Fletcher. Norridgewock—*Greenleaf Greely*. Exeter—*Wm. S. Douglas*. Unity—*Daniel Wentworth*, Benjamin Bryant. Vassalborough—*Benjamin Jones*, James Warren. Pittstown—*Peter Burges*, *Caleb Fogg*. Bristol—*Ezekiel Robinson*. Georgetown—*Gorham Greely*. Prescattequas—*Oliver Beale*, missionary.

PENOBSCOT DISTRICT.—*Joshua Hall*, P. E. Hamden—*Thomas Smith*, John Whitney. Bangor—*Ezra Kellogg*. Orrington—*Job Pratt*, *Joshua Nye*, sup. Belfast—*William H. Norris*. Thomastown—*Philip Munger*, Rufus C. Bailey. Union—*David Stimson*. Vinalhaven—*John Lewis*. Penobscot—*James Jaques*. Columbia—*David Richards*. Dennysville—*Heman Nickerson*. St. Croix—*Josiah Eaton*, Jesse Stone.

#### ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WESLEYAN METHODIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THE general meeting of the society was held on Monday, May 1st, at the City-Road Chapel, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

The attendance at the meeting was pressing beyond all former example, and

on no occasion was a more lively interest produced by the addresses of the different speakers. The collections at the different services amounted to 1037l.

The president of the conference opened



the meeting with prayer; when Joseph Butterworth, Esq., M. P., one of the general treasurers of the society, took the chair.

The chairman observed, that when he looked around on the vast assembly then met, and considered the high purpose for which they were assembled, that of assisting to extend the blessings of Christianity throughout the whole world, his mind was filled with sacred awe. To enter into the spirit of this great enterprise was a matter of the highest moment, and he trusted that their minds would be preserved in a tone of harmony with their subject. They should have presented to them scenes which would create sorrowful emotions, and those which call for joy and congratulation: they never before had on this occasion to weep over the loss (he was going to say the untimely deaths) of a considerable number of our missionaries; but we knew that the Judge of all must do right; and that as not a sparrow can fall to the ground without his knowledge and permission, so we were quite sure that five missionaries and their families could not be buried in the ocean without the notice and the special permission of Almighty God. If he chose to take them to heaven through a watery grave, rather than by a fiery chariot, his will be done. Our business was to profit by this melancholy event, and he trusted that so afflictive a circumstance would not be without profit to each of us. We might also hope, that this distressing occurrence would excite feelings of consideration in the West Indies not felt before, and that the negroes and others who had attended the ministry of these excellent men, now gone to their reward, would reflect upon their past instructions, and perhaps God might thus bring good out of evil, by stirring them up to attend with greater diligence to the ministers who may be sent in their places. He trusted that the destitute society in Antigua would not long be left without a pastor, and that a number of young men would volunteer their services to fill up the ranks of those who have fallen in so sacred a warfare; and thus perhaps God may increase the general number. With regard to the missions of the society in general, they would hear from the report about to be read, that they were in considerable prosperity. God was adding to his church such as shall be saved; he was opening a wide and an effectual door in the heathen world. We had cause to rejoice, that amidst distresses and afflictions in the country, the love of the people of God to this cause was not waxing cold: the funds had very considerably increased; in

the last year the amount has exceeded that of any preceding year by 7000*l.*, and this was a token of great good; it showed that the moral feelings of the country were alive to the interests of humanity, and that God was bringing light out of darkness, and good out of evil. The nation had seen that riches take to themselves wings and fly away, and this should teach us, in particular, as Christians, to make good use of them, and not to employ them in a way we should have reason to regret. They had reason to rejoice, that a disposition to support this and other kindred societies was still more fully manifesting itself in the W. Indies, and during the last year very considerable sums had been subscribed by the societies and congregations there for the general fund, and by many respectable persons, towards the erection of new chapels, for the use of the missionaries; and especially a very spacious one at Bassaterre, in the island of St. Christopher's, to the erection of which the inhabitants had subscribed upwards of 3000*l.* They would also be gratified to hear that some of the inhabitants of Barbadoes had manifested a spirit of regret for the outrages committed in that island against the mission. On the 13th of December a numerous meeting of the inhabitants of that island took place for other purposes, and they took that opportunity of making a declaration of their abhorrence of those riotous proceedings. This was signed by a considerable number of planters, by clergymen, members of council, and by some members of the house of assembly. He had received a letter from the earl of Roden, regretting that he would not be in town, and was therefore unable to attend the meeting, but in which his lordship expresses his wishes for the prosperity of the society. Sir George Rose also would have been present with them, but that he was called to take the chair at the anniversary of the Female Penitentiary, in the absence of Mr. Wilberforce.

The report having been read, the first resolution—"That the report now read be received, and printed under the direction of the general committee," was moved by major-general Neville, who said, "After the recent reading of the report, and what has fallen from the chair, I feel it unnecessary to dilate upon the specific subject of this resolution, and am disposed to seek shelter under it, by way of offering a few words on that question which has brought us together,—the important question of missionary operations. None but those who value their own souls can sufficiently and correctly estimate the value of others; they alone can argue from the price that

was paid, and the sacrifice offered, to redeem them; and to such persons, and only to them, there is a constraining motive to exert themselves in this great undertaking. Every page of Scripture points out to them, that they are to do unto others as they would that others should do unto them; and they are reminded, that whosoever seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion, cannot have the love of God dwelling in him. Nor are we in that book left in ignorance as to who is our brother, or who is our neighbour; but he who meditates on that short but emphatic sentence, God is love, will discover that, and feel that no particular rule can add any weight to it. Short it is, but comprehensive, and if acted upon in all its bearings, like the hem of our blessed Saviour's garment, it will scatter blessings all around it. When I look at the vast assembly before me, I am desirous of regarding it as a phalanx of Christians, imbued with the Spirit of Christ, not ashamed of his gospel in this sinful generation, but determined by their lips and lives, by their conduct and conversation, to evidence that they have been with Jesus. While I look upon this multitude, so many awful reflections arise in my mind, that I dare not trust myself.—Souls are before me, who will have to give account at the great bar of the deeds done in the body; and well ought we all to take heed that we are always found at our post. Under such impressions, I dare not indulge in any thing like the language of adulation or compliment upon such an occasion; but I do venture to say, for I consider it to be an unvarnished truth, that the blessing of God does rest upon the endeavours of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. When I saw, sir, in the last report which you had the kindness to send me, the simplicity of its object, the wisdom of the instructions transmitted to your missionaries,—when I read, moreover, of the various stations which you have abroad, and the many schools that encompass these stations, and when to all this I added the active operations of your society at home in all its branches, I could not help exclaiming, How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel! But if you are thus favoured by Heaven, rejoice with trembling. If the blessing of the Lord has and thus does, rest upon your labours, let every lip and every heart arise in gratitude to Him, who has selected you as instruments for the accomplishment of this gracious work; and while you give all the glory to God, let the blessing return into your own bosoms; the blessing of that peace which

passeth all understanding; that joy, which the world can neither give nor take away."

The Rev. Dr. Stewart, of Liverpool, seconded the resolution, and said,

"I never rise upon these occasions but with fear and trembling, and perhaps never more so than on the present occasion, arising first from the magnitude of the object you have in view, and from the inability of him who would attempt to advocate so important a cause,—a cause of greater importance than ever occupied the attention of angels or of men, and compared with which, all those extensive objects of attention which have engaged men, and called forth so much public regard, sink into insignificance. But if I shall serve no other purpose in this assembly, I shall at least, I hope, serve to show, that the Christian family, however it may differ in some respects, is but one family in heaven and on earth. I have long been a friend to the exertions of different religious communities; they may labour in different portions of the vineyard, but they appear by this only to be excited to more active labours, and there is more likelihood of their improving the vineyard of the Lord, at a more early period than would otherwise take place. Monopoly in religion is calculated to produce an arbitrary and inefficient state of things. I regard variety of operation as one of the greatest securities which the public can have with regard to the right application of those funds which they may be pleased to lay on the missionary altar; missionaries from different religious communities, going forth to the same labours, and with that cordiality and Christian affection to which I have referred, are guardians on one another's conduct,—the most effectual guardians you can place on men in a savage country, where there are so many excitements to do wrong, so much danger of sinking from the dignified standard of Christianity into the rudeness of the savage; and they are also a mutual encouragement to each other in the same cause. The most striking illustration we can have of the approbation of God in this work, is the blessing which has attended missionary labours. It is perfectly overwhelming to me to think of the effects which have attended the exertions even of this missionary society. I am inclined to consider the days in which we live as the most important and eventful that ever took place since that sun enlightened the globe. I am disposed to think, that the apostles' days, great and glorious and extraordinary as they were, were not like this period; and we must be blind if we do not see the stamp of the glorious Ma-

jesty of heaven on the cause of missions. If any ask, what benefits have resulted from missionary exertions? I would not merely look back to the state of our heathen ancestors, when this country was peopled with painted savages, and knew nothing of the domestic comforts of life; but though I would not cast any reflection on any community, I may be permitted to remark, that the East India Company has possessed their extensive portion of the British dominions for many years, and I ask any man what improvement they ever perceived in them till the missionary societies were formed, and the gospel began to be actively diffused there? I trust that improvement which has since so manifestly taken place, will be still more extensive and permanent. Look at what has been done in India in the course of a few years among a people who had determined, and had it written in their holy books, that no females should be taught to read; that they should be kept in ignorance, that they may keep them in subjection, the degraded slaves of despotic masters.—This was a deep stamp of degradation; but even these people are yielding to Christian information, rising in the scale of Christian excellence, and in a few years they will show the world around them what an improvement shall be produced when the family contract is formed on Christian principle; when parental feelings are formed and nursed under Christian care; when the husband loves his wife as himself, and their children rise up and bless them. Numerous schools are rising up, and the moralizing and elevating effects of Christianity are already strongly demonstrated. Missionaries have turned languages which were never visible into written language; they have published the Holy Scriptures in every place; they have erected schools in which those Scriptures are read. These things are scarcely less a miracle than the gift of tongues, and they are substitutes for that gift. I would ask if any person formerly connected with India ever anticipated that caste would be broken, and the mortal blow struck at that diabolic institution; yet this has been done by the influence of Christianity alone in many places, without the aid of the powerful machinery of state. Again I would ask, what improvement the Romans made in this country during the 400 years they had it in their possession? Rome, the mistress of the world,—Rome, the mistress of refinement and science, praised by poets and historians,—did she change the state of the inhabitants, did she meliorate the character of the people to any degree? No; she made it a field from

which to gather slaves; and for the remainder, she did, and could do, nothing. Look now at the effect produced by a few Christian ministers only, when they plant themselves in a barbarous country. How are the intellects of the natives awakened, what sensible speeches and sermons have been made by the poor black-faced Hot-tentots, what Scriptural knowledge do they possess, and what Scriptural experience do they enjoy! I speak not simply of this and the improvement that Christianity brings to language and literature and education, but I desire you to look at their fields, to attend to their cottages, to contemplate their dress; they are now sober and in their right mind, they are now clothed and appear with decency and comfort; they now cultivate their garden and their field, the corn stretches itself along the valleys, the flocks and the herds crown the mountain-brow, and that place which was formerly the abode of the desperado and the assassin, has now, by the agency, not of the great and the enterprising of the earth, not of the philosopher and the statesman, no, but of the humble missionary, been transformed into cultivation, and beauty, and security. You have sent your missionaries with their sandals, their scrip and bag, and they have advanced in safety, Heaven shedding its protection over them, and they have ingratiated themselves with the people, and produced all those benefits. But there is more than this; religion does improve our comforts, it improves a country, improves the social domestic relations, puts blessings in our power, and protects us in the enjoyment of them, which nothing else can do; but its great and important recommendation is, that it makes men wise unto eternal life. Under this high destiny does it regard man; and it is therefore horrifying to think that a portion of the human family, of the same blood with ourselves, and the heirs of the same hopes, should ever have been, or now be, regarded as mere beasts of the field, and spoken of in the slang of the cattle market. But we all know that we are bound to another country, that we are pressing fast home to another state of destination, that there is an endless duration for man. This is the time to prepare for another world; it is the gospel of peace that brings the remedy to lost man, and in this way are we to expect the blessing. But how forcibly does this apply to the case before us!—“How then shall they believe on him of whom they have not heard, and how shall they hear without a preacher, and how shall they preach except they be sent?” The advocates of slavery refer us to the



state of society in ancient times, and wish to support their argument by that; but did Abraham treat his slaves like beasts? Did he not circumcise them, and thus initiate them into the Abrahamic covenant? God himself tells us, that he knew that Abraham would command his children and his house after him to keep the way of the Lord. Let our Christian planters go and do likewise. The last direction our Saviour left to his disciples was, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth; go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;" and I hope the Christian church will still feel more impressively this parting lesson of the Saviour of man. I hope we shall copy his illustrious example, who came to

visit this world as God manifest in the flesh, and who, we may safely conclude, took the most effectual means to benefit his creatures. He went about *doing good*, and *preaching the gospel of the kingdom*. The sufferings of this world, the calamities of the present life, will come and return and increase, and all the remedy you can prescribe will be but for a week or a month or a year, and you will leave the sufferers poor still; but the way effectually to improve men is to make them Christians: this will promote all the comforts of which we have been speaking, and those evils to which our attention is so much directed will then be removed. You strike at the root of every evil when you send the gospel of the kingdom to a people."

(To be concluded in our next.)

## OBITUARY.

Spartanburgh, S. C., May 18, 1826.

*Messrs. Editors*—The subject of the following short memoir having numerous friends and relatives in some of the western, as well as the southern states, you would contribute in no small degree to the satisfaction of many, by publishing in the Magazine this account of her life and death.

BENJAMIN WOFFORD.

### MEMOIR OF MRS. MARTHA WOFFORD,

*Late consort of Joseph Wofford, sen.*

MARTHA LUALLEN was born in the state of Pennsylvania, in the year 1752, of religious parents, who were of the Quaker order. Her father, Hugh Luallen, removed to South Carolina when she was young. Here she had all the advantages in obtaining an education, which the condition of the country afforded at that early period. Neither did her parents neglect at the same time to impress on her tender mind such sentiments as were calculated to raise her thoughts to things above, and ever after influence her walk in life. But, far from trusting to precept alone, they enforced them by a godly example.

At various seasons she was solemnly impressed with the necessity of walking after God. The plainness and simplicity which generally characterise the sect to which her mother was attached, were always manifest in the daughter. When only about twelve years of age, she delighted in reading the Holy Scriptures. She read them attentively, and with prayer. She wept at the name of Jesus, because he had suffered and done so much for her. About this time she had the opportunity of occasionally hearing the Baptists preach, and although she frequently experienced considerable alarm at their meetings, and had the example of her elder sister, who had united herself to that body, she refused to join them. The reason she assigned for not availing herself of the privileges then offering, was, that she at least had heard and read of other denominations; therefore, she did not feel warranted in embracing the tenets of the Baptists, until she had seen and conversed with others. This was more especially the case, as every part of the creed of that church was not in accordance with her views. How a girl at this early stage of life should be capable, or take the pains of drawing lines of distinction between two or more denominations, and tenaciously hold to her own opinions, may, indeed, appear somewhat strange, but is no less true.

In the month of June, 1768, she was married to Mr. Joseph Wofford, of Spartanburgh, S. C.—Living in a country which was but thinly inhabited, pressed with the cares of a rising family early in life, together with the approach of that eventful period, the American revolution, and the consequent absence of her husband, who was an officer in an expedition against the enemy, were incidents, which almost entirely deprived her of the opportunity of hearing the gospel preached, or enjoying the means of grace. Thus she was often brought to mourn her departed privileges.

In 1786 the Rev. John Mason and Thomas Davis were sent as Methodist missionaries to Broad River circuit, in South Carolina. Eighteen years had now elapsed since her marriage, in which time it appears she had made but little progress in the way to heaven. Their coming, however, was to her a source of much joy. Their preaching she thought a true exposition of her own opinions; therefore, without hesitation she offered the hand of fellowship. A close inquiry brought her to discover that she had been resting on false hopes, and that for the long space of time before, she had remained calm in the midst of danger. A knowledge of her true condition gave fresh vigour to her exertions. The nearest station for preaching was several miles distant, notwithstanding which she almost invariably attended the word. Classmeetings she highly valued, and was always careful not to permit domestic concerns to keep her from them. While it had the effect of drawing her closer to God, in the use of all the public and private means of grace, her deportment towards her friends and acquaintances constrained them to acknowledge the reality of the religion of Jesus. Though very young at the time, the day is fresh in the recollection of the writer of this memoir, when his mother, at a private house for Methodist preaching, dedicated him to God by baptism.

She was a woman whose faith in God was so great, as generally to give a direction even to the common occurrences of domestic life. Although many difficulties pressed upon her, cheerfulness and contentment were prominent features in all her transactions with others. She was instant in prayer; and the hour of her private devotions was never neglected. After the conversion of our mother, which took place in the year above mentioned, how often have we heard her lifting her voice to God, in behalf of her husband and children. Until the year 1802, she travelled alone to Zion. Her children, though brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, had hitherto resisted the drawings of the Good Spirit: her companion, too, until this period, strove against divine impressions. However, in the last mentioned year, under the preaching of the Rev. George Daugharty and Lewis Myers, she had the happiness of seeing her husband and most of her children converted to God, and members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. She had long besought the Lord that he would prepare her children to glorify his holy name, and especially, if consistent with the Divine will, to thrust one of them out as a labourer in his vineyard. The Lord answered prayer, and the unworthy writer of this memoir was made the happy subject of this grace. In the year 1804 he was licensed to preach the everlasting gospel; from that time, until his mother escaped to heighten the triumphs above, which was more than twenty years, she sat under his ministry. But one earthly wish now remained: it was that she might live to see her youngest child, a daughter, comfortably settled in the world. God granted the desire.—Shortly after, being asked if she was then willing to depart, the reply was, "Yes, glory to God, I am ready and willing to go, any moment that he shall see best to call me!"

She was uniform in her attendance upon the Lord's table: family prayer was maintained as long as she had strength. More than three years prior to her death, she was much afflicted with rheumatic pains, which entirely deprived her of the use of her lower limbs. Amid all she was resigned, and at times, when under the keenest sufferings, we have heard her rejoice in the love of God. We remember well, one sabbath evening, after asking her many questions

relative to her awakening, conversion, the progress of God in her soul, &c, with a heavenly smile she said, "Why do you ask me so many questions, my son? Are you not satisfied that I am prepared to die? O, yes; glory to my God! this moment I feel Jesus in my soul, and I know he will not live in glory and leave me behind!" As the poor body became more helpless, the soul gathered strength. A complaint rarely escaped her lips; but with lamb-like resignation to the will of her heavenly Father, she seemed to endure her sufferings without a murmur.

On Wednesday the 22d of March last, being at her house, we found her happy and cheerful, but unable to turn herself in bed. It unfortunately so happened, that I now saw her for the last time in this world. The next day about 10 o'clock she fainted. As the symptoms of returning life appeared, her countenance exhibited the picture of serenity. Throughout the remainder of the day, her soul was unusually lifted to God. She told her grandchildren to sing:—after a short time one of them requested her to join them.—She replied, "I cannot sing now, I have not strength; but I shall soon sing with the voice of an archangel." The next day she appeared better, and called for Dr. A. Clarke's Commentary on the New Testament, a book almost constantly in her hands, and read for some time. Her husband (now 85 years of age) sat at her bedside reading the 2d volume of the same work, having called her attention to some particular passage, to the reading of which she seemed to listen with delight until he had concluded. At this moment, rising from his chair to walk into an adjoining room, he saw her fall back on the pillows, against which she had been supported. His feeble arms were extended to her relief; but ah! the spirit had fled, and her hand still grasped the blessed book of God.—The following evening, the remains of our dear departed mother were committed to the earth, amid the tears of numerous friends and relatives. The joy which beamed from her soul had imprinted on her features an expression of triumph, which the conqueror Death was unable to efface. She was an exemplary Christian, an obedient wife, a tender and affectionate parent. Here the earthly scene must close. She is gone to her eternal rest.

*For the Methodist Magazine.*

#### MEMOIR OF THE REV. HENRY P. COOK.

The Rev. HENRY PRESTON COOK, the subject of the present memoir, was born in Hancock county, Georgia, December 8, 1800. His parents were respectable members of the Methodist church, and imbuéd his youthful mind with the principles of piety: hence he was from early life amiable in his general deportment, and obedient and affectionate to his parents. He did not, however, experience regenerating grace, till 1817. While attending a campmeeting near Sparta, Georgia, he was awakened to a sense of his depravity and wretchedness. He sought and obtained redemption in Christ, even the forgiveness of his sins. Immediately after his conversion, he seemed to have a presentiment of the important duty to which his Master had destined him. His mind was deeply impressed with the danger of sinners, and his bosom expanded with the anxious desire to lead them to that Saviour who had pardoned his sins, and filled him with unspeakable joy. His youth, and the high responsibility of the ministerial character, made him for a while shrink from the arduous task.—He was, however, assiduous in making the necessary preparation. For nearly two years he continued at school, diligently prosecuting his stu-

dies. In 1819 he resided with his parents, in Butler county, Alabama. In the fall of 1820 he was received into the conference, and appointed to White Sand circuit. His labours were here successful and well received; and his piety and diligence have secured to him a name and a remembrance that will long continue. In 1822 he was appointed to Opelousas and Rapide. Travelling through a country sparsely settled by Spaniards and French, whose language he could not speak, and whose faith was opposed to the simplicity of the gospel, with but few with whom to hold the communion of saints, his courage wavered not. Though no marked success attended his ministry, yet he furnished satisfactory evidence, that he could endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. In 1823 he was received into full connexion, and elected to the office of a deacon, (but from the absence of the bishop, was not ordained till the succeeding autumn,) and was appointed to the Tombeckbee circuit. Here he was diligent, not only in the ordinary duties of a Methodist minister, but also in forming missionary associations. A society which he here organized has ever since contributed upwards of fifty dollars per annum to the missionary cause. In 1824 he

was sent to Mobile and Pensacola. During this year he formed a missionary society, and about its close was ordained elder, and sent to the same field of missionary labour; where he fell, like a Christian soldier, true to his Master and to his trust. Sometime in the summer he was attacked with a bilious fever, and removed to his father's for the recovery of his health. Beginning to recover, such was his solicitude for the success of his mission, he returned to Pensacola. In a short time he was attacked with the yellow fever, and fell within a few days a victim to its deadly force. During the rapid progress of this fearful disease, brother Cook's confidence in God never forsook him:—he knew in whom he had believed. A sister, who visited him to see how a truly Christian minister would die, asked him, when it was supposed he was speechless, if his assurance was still strong, to give them a sign. He answered by an assenting nod; and in a few moments, by much exertion, exclaimed, "*Very, very, very.*" Thus lived and died our beloved brother Cook—leaving an aged and afflicted father and mother to lament their loss.

We hope we shall be excused for introducing the following letter from a female friend in Pensacola, to his bereaved mother, as it gives the best account of his death we could obtain.

"Pensacola, October 20, 1825.

"*Respected Sister*,—You will no doubt be much surprised at receiving this address from a stranger;—though the name of Woodrow may have been mentioned to you. I regret that it has become my duty to impart afflictive intelligence. Your maternal heart has already taken the alarm, and beats with anxiety towards the loved son, who sometimes resided among us. Alas! my sister, I scarcely know how to tell the woful tale; but he is no more among us. He arrived here on the 1st instant, found me deeply afflicted by the death of a dearly beloved and almost only son. He called as usual, frequently, to see me; and on the evening of the 7th, he called for the last time. He was then much indisposed, and had been riding out to try and recover his feelings. From that time the fever made rapid advances. A physician was called in that night, and I do assure you, that medical skill, tender attention, and every comfort was done to save him—but the Almighty called, and who shall resist his will? On the 14th he expired like a lamb,—leaving behind him a sweet savour of his Chris-

tian virtues. My recent affliction, the low state of my health, and the illness of my family at that time, all combined to prevent my visiting him in the early stage of his disease; but on the 13th, a friend procured a carriage and conveyed me to his house. I found him in every respect as comfortably situated as you could wish; struggling, indeed, with his last enemy, but strong in faith, hope, and love; perfectly sensible of his approaching end; perfectly resigned; and only lamenting that he could do no more in his blessed Master's service. He spoke feelingly of his family, particularly of his dear mother—said he had been making an effort to write to you, as he wished to write to you himself;—but that he was too weak, and requested me to write for him—mentioned the anxiety you would feel at finding he was not at the campmeeting, where you expected to meet him; and prayed devoutly that you might be supported under the approaching affliction.

"Brother Hannah, at whose house he stayed, watched by him day and night, and will no doubt write you more particularly. Thus died this most exemplary youthful minister of the gospel: and truly can I say, one more abstracted from the world, and devoted to God and his cause, I have never known. Let this be your consolation, my sister; his heavenly Father accepted his labours early, and called him to eternal bliss; he has made a great escape from a wicked, ensnaring, unfriendly world, to suffer no more for ever; his debt is paid, and he rests in Abraham's bosom.—Turn your attention from your grievous loss to his immortal gain: contemplate him in the enjoyment of the Redeemer's glory, and think how he would plead with you to bow with meek resignation to his heavenly Father's will. The treasures, honours, nor all earth has to give, (could they all be ensured to him,) would not for one moment tempt him to return again to earth. Oh, let this be your consolation. A little while and we shall all meet again, to part no more.—My own heart, bleeding under a recent wound, and often called upon to offer up my Isaacs, knows how to sympathize in your sorrows. From Heaven alone can we derive consolation under such bereavements: and, blessed be our God, in him we have sure refuge and strong consolation. That the everlasting arms of his mercy and love may be extended towards you, is the sincere prayer of your sister in our blessed Redeemer,

"MARY WOODROW."

## POETRY.

For the Methodist Magazine.

WRITTEN IN REPLY TO THE QUESTION, "WHAT IS LOVE?"

By J. Rusling.

Love is a bright and burning fire,  
That glows upon the Christian's soul;  
That lifts its elevated spire,  
Where everlasting ages roll:  
It fills the realms of endless days  
With inextinguishable blaze.

Love is a deep expansive sea,  
Where flow the swells of gospel grace;  
Its bound'ries are immensity,  
It occupies infinite space.  
Pleasures in wid'ning circles heave,  
Respondent as the yielding wave.

Love is the radiant rainbow, seen  
Suspended in the vault of heav'n;  
Blending its azure, gold, and green,  
An emblem of the Saviour given:

Jesus and glory here combine,  
To form a harmony divine.

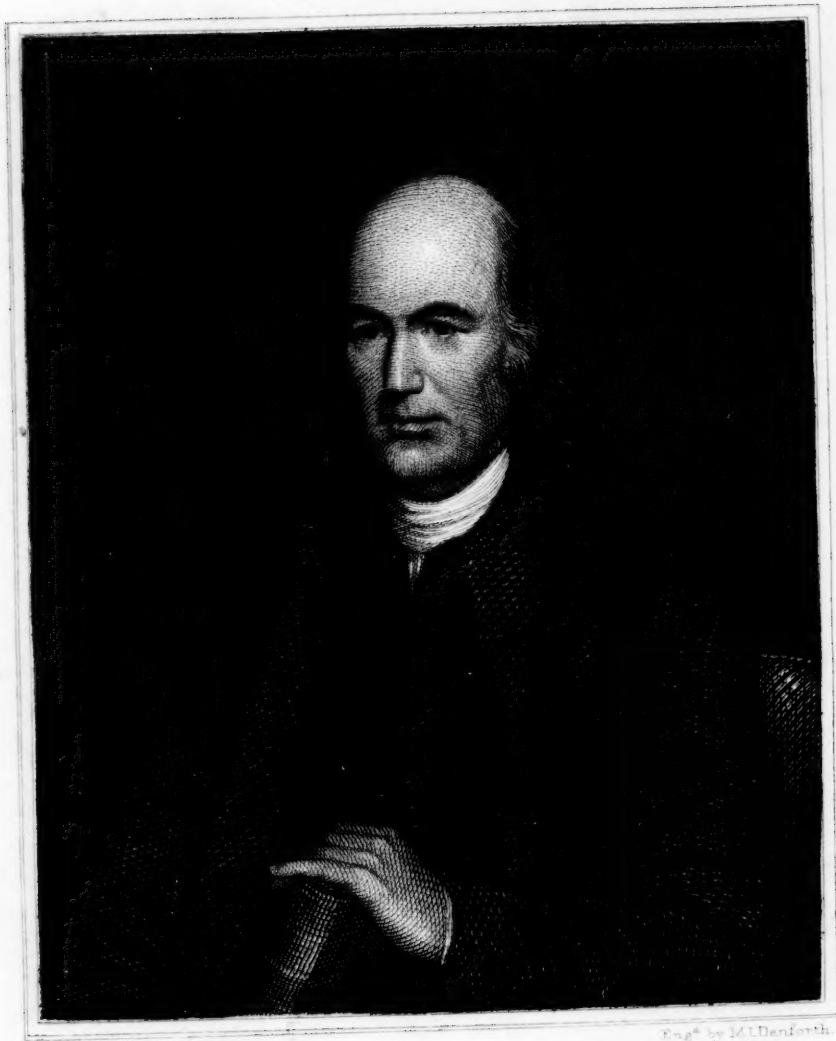
Love is the grand ecliptic way,  
Where faithful souls describe their course,  
And circling round the orb of day,  
God is their centre and their source.  
On beams of light they mount on high,  
To shine meridian in the sky.

Love forms the splendours of the throne,  
The glory of the courts above;  
Pure and celestial light alone,—  
'T is God himself, for "*God is Love.*"  
The Christian's all, his portion this;  
Heaven is his home, and love his bliss.

Newark, May 27, 1826.







Painted by G. Cooke.

Eng<sup>d</sup> by M. Denforth.

REV CHRIST<sup>R</sup> S. MORING.

Aged. 58.

